THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

15th Year. No. 2. TORONTO, OCTOBER 2, 1892 Price, 5 Cents.

The Divine Dispensa

IS there no balm in Gilead; no physician there? Why, not the health of the daug my people recovered?" Th the cry in which the grief of J found expression, when he beh chosen people of God drugged devil, and mortally bitten by serpent.

"The whole head is sick and th heart faint. From the sole of t even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds and bruises, and putrifying sores; they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment." Thus the Prophet Isiah exclaims as he contemplates the ravages of Israel's transgressions.

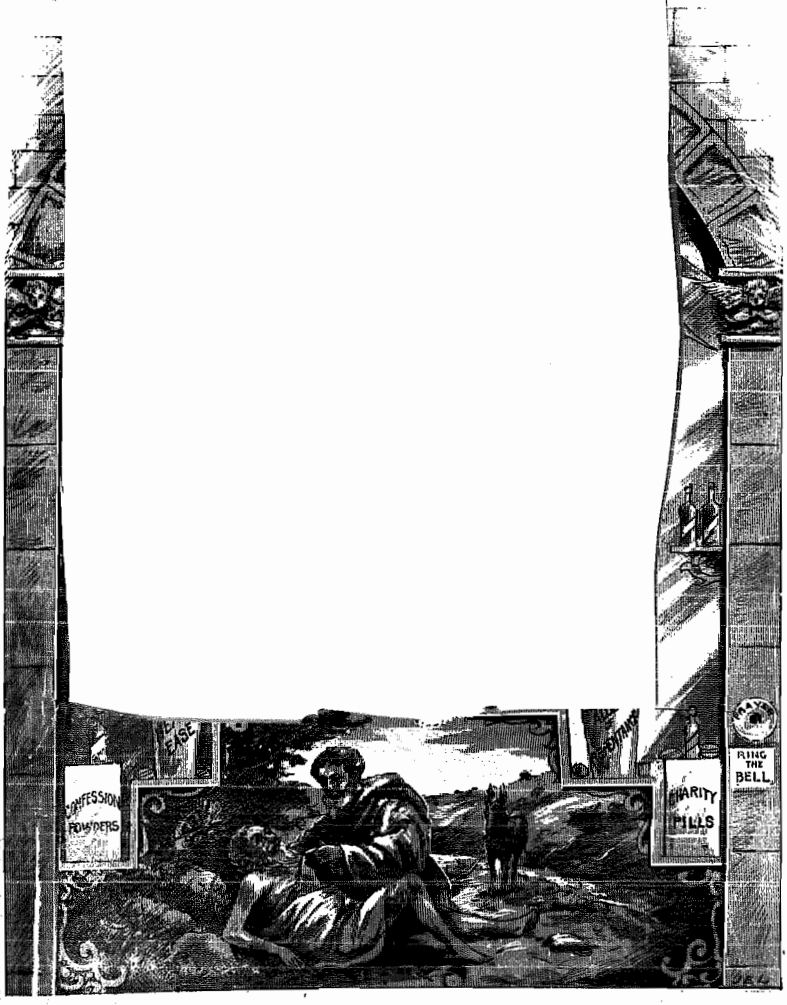
These two passages are typical of what every soul feels who has not harkened to God's warnings, and heeded not God's teachings, till the loathsome signs of the leprosy of sin have appeared.

"Is there no remedy?" cries the leper.

Yes, there is a genuine and complete remedy, and WHOSOEVER will may come and try it and find it as efficacious as Naman found in the waters of Jordan to remove the leprosy of his body.

The Heavenly Physician invites all to His dispensary, which bears the sign of the Good Samaritan. The first noticeable fact that will recommend this institution to every thinking soul, is the rule that every case has to undergo the same treatment to start with, and no difference is made in the physician's care for his clients.

To begin with, the patient has to take ALOE OF REPENTANCE. The doses vary acording to the hardness of the heart. No genuine cure can be effected without this medicine. Frequently the result seems to indicate a turn for the worse, and the violent behaviour and wandering speech of-



nd unhealthy abodes, and impure air. t will also remove the cataracts of rejudice from the pupil of the organ of ision.

CHARITY PILLS are excellent in cases of tongues affected by the cancer of back-biting and fault-finding, while CONFESSION POWDERS are valuable, especially for the weak constitutions, subject to relapse.

PRAYER TONIC should be taken regularly, especially to begin with in the morning and to end with at night. It is absolutely necessary to keep the soul strong and active.

In conclusion we mention SPIRIT OF LOVE, the excellent essence of perfect soul-health, which spirit can be used without restriction.

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And now a good word to those who require the help of this Divine Despensary. Its proprietor is known as the Good Physician, who, when in his incarnation on a visit to the earth, in order to overthrow the doctrines of quacks and establish the knowledge of true healing, delighted to visit the abodes of such that needed Him. Those who professed to know better and were jealous of His superior power, used to sneer at Him and found fault with Him for choosing to associate, eat and drink with the contaminated. These miserable quacks said to His disciples: "Why eateth thy Master with publicians and sinners?" But Jesus, the Good Physician, replied: "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. But ge ye and learn what that meaneth. I will have mercy and not sacrifice; for I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentence."

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And the evangelist says of Him. He went about "healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people."

Sinner, backslider, vow-breaker, Laodican: you all may be healed of Him, and healed NOW.

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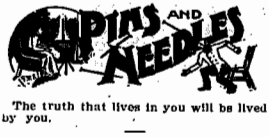
"Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and THINE HEALTH shall spring forth speedily."



The truth that lives in you will be lived by you.

Opportunity never leaves you where it finds you.

The quickest way to be poor is to trust in wealth.

God is the great giver; He gives to all other givers.

In the race for wealth men often waste their health.

Better die doing the right than live doing the wrong.

Who marries for money goes to the hornet for honey.

If stolen profits would burn there would be some hot pockets.

There is room on the Rock of Ages for every shipwrecked soul.

Gospel bullets never reach the mark without fire behind them.

Some hearts must be broken before the devil can get out of them.

The only way to get a good crop of virtue is to sow the seed early.

About the best water-proof for all kinds of weather is a clear conscience.

The shortest cut to a successful life is round by the Throne of Grace.

When every shirker becomes a worker the devil will soon be on the run.

You have plenty of time for the longest duty, but none for the shortest sin.

There is a difference between having a cross to bear and being as cross as a bear.

There is a vast difference between speaking "one to another" and one about another.

Go Feel what I Have Felt

A young lady in New York was, it is said, in the habit of writing for a well known paper on the subject of temperance. Her writing was so full of pathos and evinced such deep emotion of soul that a friend accosted her of being a maniac on the subject of temperance—whereupon she wrote the following lines:

Go feel what I have felt,
Go bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn.
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear;

Go weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall;
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way
That led me up to woman's day;

Go kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray,
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside,
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery;

Go hear what I have heard—
The sobs of sad despair,
As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen;

Go to my mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear;
Mark her dim eye, her furrowed brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
The toil-worn frame, the trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, foresworn, hath yielded up
This promise to the deadly cup,
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there 'mid want and strife,
That lonely thing—a drunkard's wife!
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight—a drunkard's child.

Go hear, and see, and feel, and know,
All that my soul hath felt and known;
Then look within the wine-cup's glow;
See if its brightness can atone;
Think, if its flavor you would try,
If all proclaimed—'Tis drink and die!

Tell me I hate the bowl!
Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe, abhor, my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of the dark beverage of hell!

Worn Toes.

Where Do You Wear Out Your Boots?

J. E. M.

Salvationist to boot dealer: "I bought this boot in this store a few weeks ago, and have not worn it very many times. See, it is all split at the right side of the toe. Cannot you fix it?"

Boot D. to S.: "Oh, I see what's the matter. You have been doing a lot of kneeling, hard kneeling too. It is nothing but kneeling has done that; however, I'll fix it."

Query.

How many people do enough kneeling in these days to split their boots?

Jerusalem is said to have 135 places where liquor is sold.

"Is this the way to the poorhouse?" asked one man to another, as he pointed in a certain direction.

"No, but this is," answered the other, pointing to a whiskey-flask sticking out of the enquirer's pocket.

If all men could be persuaded from the use of intoxicating drinks, the office of ... would be a sinecure.—Judge Al-

our observation that beer-drinking country produces the very lowest f inebriety, closely allied to crim- sanity. The most dangerous class uns in our largest cities are beer- s.—Scientific American.

drinking habits of the people of are awful. In the town of , one out of every three houses public-house, and some twenty es live and thrive on the earnings miners of two parishes, with a ion of some 5,000.

seem strange, but it is neverthe- e, that alcohol, regularly applied ifty farmer's stomach will remove rds from his fence, let his cattle crops, kill his fruit trees, mort- s farm, and sow his fields with tes and thistles. It will take the ff his buildings, break the glass the windows, and fill them with It will take the gloss from his and polish from his manners, his reason, arouse his passions, orrow and disgrace upon his fam- l topple him into a drunkard's It will do this to the artizan ptalist, the matron and the maid- well as to the farmer, for in its on behalf of the human race al- s no respecter of persons.

MISSED.

NCE when the General was preaching in the city of Berlin, Germany, he had in the meeting d of young students. There were a number at the penitent form. ere was also a little group of left who chaffed and mocked. t were powerfully convicted. ficer took hold of a young chap he had fallen in love with, as onists do, the world over. This fellow got up and sat down several and said, "I want to go, but not t—not to-night."

Captain said to him, "You may have another night to come."

urned upon him in scorn. "Do ow who I am, my family, my , my education—do you know who e speaking to?"

Captain stuck to him, telling him he were the son of the Kaiser, if 't get saved he would have to go

group of young fellows left and o an adjacent drinking hall, where ked and chaffed and were mock- Salvation Army, holding a sham , or something of that sort, when ly this particular young man d down a corpse on the floor.

they mocked the messengers of nd despised His words, and mis- lis prophets, until the wrath of rose against His people, till there o remedy." (II Chronicles xxxvi.

SO PRAY THE HEATHEN.

The Tibetans are the most preeminent praying people on the face of the earth. They have praying-stones, praying-pyramids, praying-flags flying over every house, praying-wheels, praying-mills, and the universal prayer, "Om mani pad me haun," is never out of their mouths. A German writer on Lamaism says of this sentence, which literally means, "O God! the jewel in the lotus," that these six syllables are, of all the prayers on earth, the one which is most frequently repeated, written, printed, and conveniently offered up by mechanical means. They constitute the only prayer which the common Mongols and Tibetans know; they are the first words which the stammering children learn, and are the last sighs of the dying.

No Thought for To-Morrow.

"I thought you Salvation people believed in the New Testament?" said a gentleman to Commissioner Cadman.

"So we do," said the Commissioner.

"Well, then," continued the gentleman, "the New Testament says we must take no thought for to-morrow, and I notice Salvationists all over the town collecting money for the Self-Denial Fund. What else is that but taking thought for the morrow?"

"Allow me to explain, sir," said the Commissioner. "There is such a heavy and continual drain upon the funds of the Army that we cannot help running into debt a little. So we have a Self-Denial week every year to try and balance up the deficiency. So you see, sir, we are really taking thought for yesterday, and not for to-morrow.—All the World.

LEAGUE OF MERCY NEEDS YOUR HELP.

League of Mercy visitors can make use of any current numbers of the War Cry, or any other Army publications in their work.

Will comrades or friends send parcels of literature when read to the following officers and Mercy League Sergeant-Majors: -

TORONTO Ont.—Mrs. Brigadier Gaskin, 8. A. Temple
LONDON Ont.—Mrs Major Southall, Clarence st.
HAMILTON Ont.—Mrs. Captain Dodge, Rebecca st.
MONTREAL Que.—Mrs. Symington, 256 University st
GUELPH Ont.—Mrs Dawson.
VICTORIA B. C.—Mrs. Captain Lacey.
ST. JOHNS Nfld.—Ensign Tovell, 26 Cook st.
WINNIPEG Man.—Mr. Hablirk.
HALIFAX N. S.—Ensign Reckstead, 40 Hollis st.
ST. JOHN, N. B.—Adjutant Jost, 65 Elliot Row.
FREDRICTON, N. B.—Captain Bishop.
SPOKANE, Wash.—Adjutant Langtry 732 Fourth Ave.
HARBOR GRACE, Nfld. Mrs. Whitman.
OTTAWA, Ont. Mrs. Webber, Salvation Army.

or send addresses of those having periodicals to dispose of to Mrs. Brigadier Read, League of Mercy Secretary, Toronto Temple.

Any one desiring friends in hospitals visited, or any one whom they are interested in in prison write to Mrs. Read, Albert st. Toronto, sending stamp for reply.

Precious Promises.

There's a promise, oh, how precious!
For the sin-stained soul to know;
Pouring o'er his guilt and vileness,
Cleansing with the crimson flow:
"Thou your sins may be as scarlet,
I will make them white as snow."
—Isaiah i. 18.

There's a promise, oh, how precious!
When by care and sorrow pressed;
Lifting all life's weary burdens
From the worn and troubled breast:
"Come to Me, all ye that labor,
And I'll surely give you rest."
—Matt. xi. 28.

There's a promise, oh, how precious!
'Midst the storm of life's wild sea;
Sounding sweet above the tumult,
Bidding doubt and fear to flee:
"I in perfect peace will keep thee,
If thy mind is stayed on Me."
—Isaiah xxvi. 3.

There's a promise, oh, how precious!
When you reach cold Jordan's side;
Gleaming o'er the surging billows,
As you face its death-cold tide:
"When thou passest through the waters
I will close by thee abide."
—Isaiah xliii. 2.

There's a promise, oh, how precious!
Rising 'bove the billows' roar;
Shining through the mist and vapors
That conceal the heavenly shore:
"In my Father's home in glory
Thou shalt dwell for evermore."
—John xiv. 2, 3.

FRANK WELLESLEY PORTER,
Leamington.

Our Platform.

ARE YOU SAVED?

By AN INDIAN OFFICER.

IT was an emphatic "No!" and carried its meaning with it. The circumstances is an every day occurrence.

I stood alone with him, in his sitting room, urging as I had urged before; the Blood of Christ a remedy for the drink to which he had become a slave; and as he looked upon the photo of his dear wife and own bright children that was hanging on the wall, the tears came into his eyes and ran down his bloated face. The thought of how he had gone astray since wishing them good-bye in dear old England, previous to coming out here to fill an engagement, ran through his brain, and I urged all the more, putting before him the claims that God had to the life he was ruining, to the talents he was wasting, to the souls that he was teaching the "ways of the wicked," when at last that "No!" that awful no; nay, that fatal no was given, and I stood feeling sure it was useless to plead longer that day. However, hoping I might be able to point him to Jesus by constantly visiting him, I made my way over to his house against as soon as circumstances would allow, when, imagine my surprise on being asked, "Why, didn't you see it in the papers, he went to see some friends (?) the other evening, came home (drunk) and fell down dead?" Oh, how that awful "No!" rang and rings through my head, and what an awful eternity he must be spending even while I pen these lines.

God had called, he had refused and today his soul is in hell for saying "No" to God's offer of mercy.

Where art thou, friend? Has God ever called to you, have you ever refused? If so, have a care.

God will not be mocked. In an hour when ye think not, the Son of Man will come.

Faithful Unto Death.

An old lighthouse keeper was passing away. For years it had been his duty to keep the lamps in the high tower burning. Now the fire of his own life was burning low as he slipped out upon the sea of another world. Suddenly he raised himself upon his elbow and asked:

"Is the lamp burning in the tower? You know we must not let it go out to-night. Some one will be watching for it."

"Yes, the lamp is all right."

"Then I can rest."

And the old man passed away.

How is it with the light committed to our care? Is it burning brightly? This is a stormy sea and rocky are its shores. Many are the life-barks tossing upon its waves. Many are the eyes turned anxiously towards the rocks looking for the light which shall guide them in the right course. Are our lamps trimmed and burning?

DIOGENES.

THIS well-known Greek Philosopher belonged to the Cynic school, for the Greeks had many schools of philosophy.

The Cynics answered arguments by facts. When some one was arguing in support of Zeno, of Elea's, notion respecting the impossibility of movement, Diogenes rose and walked. Definitions might prove that there was no motion, but definitions were only verbal, and could be answered by facts.

In this respect the Salvation Army is like that school, for we believe in the demonstration by facts, and have proved many things to be possible, which were pronounced to be absurd and impossible by the wise-acres of this world.

Little is known of Diogenes early history, except that he had to flee from his native city with only a single attendant. On his arrival in Athens he dismissed his attendant with the question, "If Manes could live without Diogenes, why not Diogenes without him?" and on the same principle he denuded himself of all superfluous dress, furniture, etc. A wooden bowl, which, with his cloak and wallet, formed his only movables, is said to have been immediately discarded when he saw a boy drinking water from the hollow of his hand.

The fame of Antisthenes soon attracted him, and for the sake of wisdom, he not only endured the scoffs, but volunteered to submit to the blows of the greater teacher.

Diogenes used to inure himself to the vicissitudes of the weather by rolling himself in hot sand in summer, and in winter by embracing statues covered with snow. His numerous witty apothegms are preserved by Diogenes Laertius.

During voyage to Aegina, he fell into the hands of pirates, who sold him as a slave in Crete. With characteristic boldness he proclaimed to his captors that he knew no trade except "to govern men," and wished to be sold "to a man that wanted a master." Such a purchaser he seems to have found in Xeniades, who took him to Corinth to superintend the education of his children. There he spent the rest of his life; he is said to have reached an extreme old age.

Special mentioning deserves, his famous interview with Alexander the Great, in which the only favor he had to beg of the prince was, that he would not stand between him and the sun; when Alexander is said to have exclaimed, "If I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes."

Our picture, which is a reproduction of a photo from the famous painting by Salvator Rosa: "Diogenes in search of an honest man." It is said that, like the prophets of old, he frequently taught the people an object lesson. So one day he went in the crowded market-place of Athens in broad daylight with a lighted lantern searching between the assembled people. Men first were surprised, then one ventured a joke, and soon everybody contributed to the general amusement of the crowd by cheap jokes.

DIOGENES LOOKING FOR AN HONEST MAN.

Finally Diogenes mounted the speakers' platform and announced to the multitude whose curiosity quickly quietened their jokes, that he had been looking for an honest man, but he had failed to find him.

This lesson was obvious; it requires more than daylight to find honest men. However insufficient our means may be to always distinguish correctly between an honest man and a hypocrite, if we only turn on faithfully and persistently the X-rays of God's truth upon people's consciences through our lives and words, such light will reveal to men their own dishonesty and so bring home to their own hearts their need of a Saviour.

Fools, like those depicted in our illustration, will crack jokes at our expense, and slow people call us fanatics. The more in earnest we are, the more they cry out against us, but with it all, our God will make us a shining light penetating the flimsy covering of the self-righteous, cutting to the quick the conceited, and bringing to meditation the thoughtless.

Let us be free of the shackles of men's opinions and seek to please only our God. SOP11.

STREET WARFARE IN FRANCE.

By COMMISSIONER RAILTON.

The circumstances of life here in France gives us advantages which, except in Italy, I have never seen elsewhere. It is the custom for enormous multitudes of the people to sit upon the very pavements almost every evening. And, wherever our work has been properly carried on, they have come to expect the War Cry seller, just as much as any other waiter who offers them refreshment. Certainly, the refreshment they get from the sight of our comrades and their papers has rarely been of a spiritual kind. We are, in their view, the furnishers of

An Odd Amusement

rather than anything else. But it is impossible for them to see people who come gladly to be laughed at year in and year out without gradually beginning to feel respect and admiration for them.

So it was no great surprise when, at one of the cafes she visited the other night, Mrs. Commissioner Booth-Hellberg heard the proprietor announce, "Now, gentlemen, here are our dear comrades of the Salvation Army! I hope you will give them a proper welcome." The welcome was given in the correct French style by a well-timed clapping of hands, just as it is done in the opera.

Inside the grand cafes, where music is regularly played, the ordinary performance is most willingly stopped, the piano placed at our disposal, or even our songs accompanied by the musician seated at it, and proprietors and customers alike make us feel that our coming, far from being a tolerated intrusion, is one of

The Most Agreeable Events

of the evening.

And no wonder, if one only looks for a moment beneath all the glitter of these splendid places at the poor, empty, aching hearts that fill them!

"Do sing the piece that has 'Joy, joy, joy,' in it," said a painted, jewel-bedecked lady to Mrs. Booth-Hellberg that same evening. Who can tell the light that has fallen upon multitudes of these Boulevardites as they have seen for a few moments, amongst them poor Salvationists who are visibly happy?

But the bulk of our French War Cry selling is, of course, done amongst very different crowds of these wealthiest of Parisians. Down to

The Very Vilest of Cafes

you may trace every week the War Cry seller, and it is the more astonishing sight, perhaps, after all, to see them well received amongst the poorest, the roughest and the most irreligious sets in a small town. In many places they are welcome every night of the week, and even repeatedly the same evning, if they wish to go! The amount of sales varies, of course; but I confess that I enjoy most of all to see the work done where it demands the most patience and perseverance.

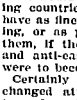
What strikes me most of all, however is the self-denial regularly and everywhere required to ensure considerable success. It is just in the hours when our meetings are going on, and afterwards, that the War Cry selling has to be done. The people who are so happy and useful year after year in this work are necessarily deprived of most of the cheer that meetings supply. The best sales generally occur on the nights when the seller does not get home till past midnight. With Mrs. Booth-Hellberg it was, I know, 1 a.m. when home was reached, after

Five Hours of the Fight,

This is what, above all, gives me confidence as to our future here. God has not created all this love and self-denial to end in little handfuls of faithful people mourning over a lost nation. And I can't help an uncomfortable query as to what would happen in our English-speaking countries, even though we may not have as fine crowds to sell to every evening, or as polite a reception by any or them, if the same amount of anti-sleep and anti-ease War Cry selling devotion were to become usual in all our cities!

Certainly here much of the generally changed attitude of Paris and France towards us has been won by this patient plodding in the night. God grant us more of this sort of thing, with bigger faith for eternal results, everywhere.

THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.



TO those who think of travelling to the OLD COUNTRY, we would like to call special attention to the fact that we can secure tickets for all the Canadian Steamship Lines, on very favorable terms. For full particulars apply to MAJOR SHELTON, 8 A Temple, Toronto.

"The Comrade."

MAJOR SOUTHALL, WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

Very blessed and successful officers' councils have been recently conducted at London, Ont. Out of forty corps, thirty-five were present, representing two-thirds of the officers, who unanimously pronounced these meetings as full of force and fire.

A message of love and loyalty was sent to the Commissioner, and one of condolence to Mrs. Brigadier Read.

The following officers have changed appointments: Adjt. Archibald to the Stratford Corps and District; Ensign Ottaway goes to Guelph, with the oversight of the Brantford District; Ensign McKenzie, Berlin; Ensign Collett, Brantford; Ensign Dean, Hespeler; Ensign Gamble, Petrolia; Capt. Stephens, Stratford; Capt. Jarvis, Drayton; Captain Dowell, Tilbury; Capt. Hancock, Mitchell; Capt. Cockerill, Forest; Capt. Beutley, assist Woodstock; Capt. Howcroft, Thedford; Capt. Fynn, assist Chatham; Capt. Barker, Goderich; Capt. Young goes on furlough; Capt. Mathers, to assist Guelph; Capt. Liston, Special Work; Capt. Haley, rest; Capt. Rees, Watford; Capt. Gibson, Sarnia; Lieut. Hockin, Brantford; Lieut. Blodgett, Hespeler; Lieut. Burrows, Paris; Lieut. Carr, Dresden (pro tem); Lieut. Bonny, in charge Bothwell.

We welcome to our Province Ensign Bale, who, after faithful service at Territorial Headquarters, is taking a Field Appointment. The Commissioner has appointed the Ensign to the charge of the Seaforth Corps. Welcome, Ensign! May God make you a mighty blessing in our midst.

We also extend a welcome to Lieut. Beach (fresh from the Garrison) who goes to assist Ensign Bale. God bless him.

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"The Western Gleaner."

MAJOR McMILLAN, WESTERN PROVINCE.

We are sorry to hear of the illness of Major McMillan, who since, however, has been reported as recuperating. The Major has worked hard and faithful since taking charge of his present command, and I am certain that the prayers of officers and soldiers will bear him up.

THE HARVEST FESTIVAL.—Tidings are flowing in from all parts of the Province that the prospects are most promising for a shout of triumph when the battle is over. On account of the bad weather the H. F. efforts were carried on for another week where the target was not reached.

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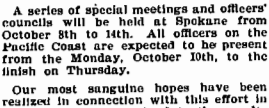

BRIGADIER HOWELL, PACIFIC PROVINCE.

A series of special meetings and officers' councils will be held at Spokane from October 8th to 14th. All officers on the Pacific Coast are expected to be present from the Monday, October 10th, to the finish on Thursday.

Our most sanguine hopes have been realized in connection with this effort in every direction. Up to date the results are as follows. The D. O. deserving special mention is Adjt. Milner, her District having completed the effort. Rossland going $30 over their target and Kaslo $10. Revelstoke and Nelson secured their targets. This is very creditable to all concerned. Adjt. Milner, Capts. Burton, Bailey and Quant and assistants deserve great credit.

Capt. Fisher and comrades, of Dillon, take the cake for the Province up to date, they having gone $43 over their target, securing the magnificent sum of $103.

Helena Corps and Rescue Home, Spokane Shelter, Lewiston, Mt. Vernon, Anaconda, Livingston and Sheridan have sent in their targets, while Billings, Bozeman and Kalispell are struggling to get their's.

The following corps have asked for a postponement for one week: Spokane, Wallace, Missoula, Butte, New Whatcom and Great Falls. All write enthusiastically about reaching the desired haven.

The B. C. District has received a serious set-back through the burning down of New Westminster. The whole place has practically been destroyed, and among other buildings our barracks and quarters. The Captain has succeeded in saving her personal effects, but otherwise everything is destroyed. The sympathy of all go out to New Westminster in this trying time. We are at present waiting further news. In spite of this great calamity, Adjt. Ayre writes very hopefully for the District.

Harvest Festival Notes.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

The returns being about completed, it is very gratifying to note that the Central has gone nearly $50 over its target.

Although there have been a few defeats, there is every reason to be thankful for th results. Officers and soldiers have done well.

An analysis of the various corps shows:

24 have gone over their target.
4 have just reached it.
15 are below.

Compared with last year only six corps have not equalled or gone beyond the amount they raised, and in one or two such cases there are good reasons.

BARRIE DISTRICT.—Barrie did well, although not quite up to the target, but they are $5.89 over '97. Stroud, with 300 people advances 166 per cent. on the previous year. Capt. and Mrs. Williams went into Newmarket just on the eve of H. F., but they reached their target, with five cents to spare—$35.05 against $24.80 the previous year. Aurora, which did $7 last year, comes out with $19. Capt. Palling and Lieut. Osler made a mark.

BRACEBRIDGE DISTRICT.—The unfortunate circumstance of Mrs. Adjutant Moore's death caused us not to expect that Bracebridge target would be reached, but to our delight they sent $40.68, being 68 cents over. A great deal of credit is due to Lieut. Meeks, who worked well. Huntsville does $25, equalling '97, while Parry Sound with the celebrated Capt. Jennie Howcroft, hits the target. Ahmic Harbor, a small place, can do a good thing when they like. They went from $2 last year to $15 this year. Capt. Tinncy and Capt. Darrach are in command.

LINDSAY DISTRICT.—Ensign Taylor, of Lindsay, impresses one as meaning what she says. She says it meant hard work to get her target, $60.50 is no small amount to raise. The target was passed by 50 cents. Fenelon Falls did not quite reach the goal. Ensign Savage was much handicapped on account of sickness. Someone told me Omemee had about 700 inhabitants, therefore Capt. Nelson and Lieut. Marshall deserve special mention for their brilliant victory. Target, $25; amount raised $42.85. Words fail to express our feelings when we heard this. Capt. Lewis, being alone at Kinmount, did a good thing in raising $25.44. Uxbridge did $24.05, being $9.05 over their target. Capt. Culbert and Lieut. Fisher are in charge.

ORILLIA DISTRICT.—Ensign Attwell has worked hard, but has just missed his target. Extenuating circumstances are to be considered here. They are well ahead of last year. Capt. Creamer and Lieut. Crego have also done well at Midland with $34, and a little over to come yet. Gravenhurst is amongst the stars. True, they only did $10 last year, but our faith was good for $25 this year. They cleared $32.75. Thank you, comrades.

SUDBURY DISTRICT.—Adjt. Scarr wrote us that it was difficult to get any fruit, etc., from the rocks that abound in that region, but there must be something that can be turned into dollars, seeing they raised no less than $72, $22 over their target. Congratulations! North Bay has not come up to expectations. They raised $15. Little Current did $38, which is excellent. At this corps we have a number of Blood-and-Fire Indians.

OWEN SOUND DISTRICT.—Ensign Nellie Smith has the reputation of doing what she makes up her mind to do, consequently the target was reached, with $1.60 to spare, $41.60 looks well against $30.13 of last year. Orangeville springs from $3 to $7.50, which is a big thing for a small, hard corps. Capt. Wicks and Lieut. Paxton have toiled hard. Chesley does $12.65, while Wiarton sends a modest $5. Feversham drops down "flop" from $21 to $10.09. The only explanation we can see is that Captain Wiseman was alone and sick.

BOWMANVILLE DISTRICT. — Bowmanville, Oshawa and Brooklin, are by no means the easiest corps to work, yet they have all reached their target, and gone ahead of last year. The first named, under Ensign Jones, does $35.50. Oshawa $25.01—mark the one cent, that brings Capt. McClelland just over his target. Brooklin does $25.10, every cent of which was raised in the township, containing about 800 people. Capt. Rose thought his target rather high, but he's got there. More power to you, Captain.

HAMILTON DISTRICT.—Dundas did nothing last year, but they have made ample atonement this year with $37, which is $2 over their target. Capt. Sherwin and Lieut. Bond have done magnificently in every way. Hamilton I. did $88.15, 15c. over their target. Capt. Hanna just hit the bull's-eye at Hamilton II. and scored $25. Not so bad. Oakville is a nice little spot, but hard. Lieuts. Stephens and McLennan did $16.75, that put them $1.75 over their target and $6.75 over last year. St. Catharines. In '97 they raised $320.97, but this was rebated for the building scheme. This year they have done $175, which is ahead of anything yet for H. F. and the effort is duly appreciated. Had it not have been for the death of Ensign and Mrs. Fox's baby there is no doubt $100 would have been totalled.

TORONTO DISTRICT.—Brampton, under Capt. and Mrs. Jones, comes first with a total of $27.82, being $9.82 over last year. Richmond St. is exalted. They occupied a very humble position in '97 with $8.35. This year $35.06 is the figure Good for Ensign Fletcher. Lippincott does $65; last year they did $61.25, but that included $10 raised by the Industrial Farm. Adjt. and Mrs. Creighton deserve great credit. Lisgar St. did $175. This is the largest amount raised by any one corps in the Province. It needs no small amount of hustling to do a big thing like this, and yet Adjt. Wiggins does not appear to have become any thinner by it. Captain Hart was his able assistant. Dovercourt comes out well with $25.17. Capt. Brant had a cheque for $10 given him, but could not realize it for some time. He had to ask several people is the cheque was genuine before he could believe. Capt. Rowe and Lieut. Peacock have broken all records at Yorkville. They came with $31.40, which is $16.40 over their target, and $28.15 over '97. Capt. Rowe is very excitable, always on the go, something like a "cat on hot bricks." We are extremely delighted with Yorkville in every way. Riverside comes to the front with $60. They said little and worked hard. Ensign Cameron show a wisdom in these matters. $5 over target and $15 better than last year. The Temple has not quite reached its target, but will come up to last year's effort when all is in. They have now $97.50. Adjt. Barnes has been very much handicapped through Mrs. Barnes' absence. The Junction Farm has eclipsed everything. Last year they did $10; this year they did $63.70. Out of this sum $43 was promised by fourteen people in the soldiers' meeting. This average requires some beating. The increase is phenomenal. Capt. Huxtable did no less than $37 in connection with the Men's Shelter. Going over his target by $12.

We heartily thank all concerned for the share taken in bringing about such a splendid victory, and take it as an omen for a record Self-Denial. To God be all the glory.—R. H.

OPPORTUNITY.

(A Greek Epigram.)

In one of the old Greek cities there stood, long ago, a statue. Every trace of it has vanished now, as in the case with most of those old master-pieces of genius, but there is still in existence an epigram which gives us an excellent description of it.

The epigram is in the form of a conversation between the traveller and the statue.

"What is thy name, O statue?"
"I am called opportunity."
"Who made thee?"
"Lysippus."
"Why art thou standing on thy toes?"
"To show that I stay but for a moment."

"Why hast thou wings on thy feet?"
"To show how quickly I pass by."
"But why is thy hair so long on thy forehead?"
"That men may seize me when they meet me."
"Why, then, is thy head so bald behind?"
"To show that when I have once passed I cannot be caught."

We do not see statues standing on the highways to remind us of our opportunities for doing good and being of service to others, but we do know that they come to us. They are ours but for a moment. If we let them pass they are gone forever.

The sympathy and prayer of every G.B.M. worker is with dear Mrs. Read at this sad time. Our loyal and ever-zealous comrade, Brigadier Read, was much loved by all who knew him, but his cheery words of encouragement were valued by none more than by we of the Light Brigade. The memory of his faithfulness cannot but inspire us with faith, zeal and a determination to fill our day with real definite work for God.

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The Field Commissioner has been pleased to promote Captain Collier, our worthy P. A. for West Ontario, to the rank of Ensign. Hearty congratulations from your comrades of this department, Ensign. The Locals of your Province will be delighted and must strive to make the quarter the very best yet.

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Our Locals of the Pacific Province are working somewhat at a disadvantage. Owing to the Harvest Festival, Ensign Staigers has been unable to resume his new responsibilities during this quarter. However, "none of these things" move Bro. Geo. Hiehard, of Billings, Mont. He has brought his total up to the goodly sum of $15. His letter is full of love for the scheme, and his desire to do something towards alleviating the misery about him. God bless him!

• • • •

Ensign Cummins sends: "A word that might help the P. A's. A piece of gum camphor, the size of a thimble, will, if put into the lamp, increase the intensity of the light, but the oil must be emptied out immediately after the close of the service, as the camphor has a tendency to gum up the wick."

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Ensign Sims has been having a few days' well-earned rest. We trust he may return to his charge with renewed vigor and zeal. He has great hopes of reaching a promising total for September.

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Judging from the "notes" we receive from Ensign Perry, he is a real friend of the children, and they, in return, take an interest in his work. The names of Ella McKenzie, 2½ years of age, and little Johnnie Blackwood, have been sent in as really good box-holders—not only putting all their own small coins in the little receptacle kept for Lazarus, but among their friends fringing forward its claims. Could there not be more of this among the children? You cannot find a more zealous worker than a certain little maid I have in mind, who enlisted at my home with her H. F. card and persuaded me to help her. "I've only had my card since yesterday," quoth she delightedly, "and it's nearly full." Use every Junior you can to aid in the needy cause, and your returns will prove the wisdom of my advice.

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Mrs. Major Southall tells a charming story from Goderich. Dear Mother Smith, our Local Agent for that pretty town, has two daughters across the border. Both of these ladies have accepted a box from their mother, and receipts therefrom this quarter amounts to $11. The C— box dwells in a large boarding-house, and upon its being opened was found to contain about $5. This was deemed by our good friends of the family—too small a sum to remit, and a collection was taken up at a certain dinner hour, bringing the total for our Social Work up to $16. Mother Smith and the writer tender heartiest thanks to our American contributors.

Go for the Worst.

Capt. White, of Hamilton I., reports a splendid case of conversion.

One recent Wednesday evening a drunkard knelt in the open-air ring seeking salvation. He wept bitterly and completely renounced every sin, also handing over his pipe, tobacco and whiskey bottle. He had a sorry tale to tell, how he used to thrash his wife, and for about a year has been roaming round the country.

A tremendous crowd gathered round the ring, for it took all of half an hour to get him fairly sobered up and properly saved, but he did get through. The Captain writes: "Jesus did help. The people thought we were killing him, but it was Jesus casting the devil out."

We praise God for the frequent open-air conversions that have recently been reported. Let us expect and aim for more of such.

THE BURIAL OF Brigadier Read

Promoted to Glory, Sept. 7th, 1898.

Buried, Abney Park Cemetry, Sept. 12th, 1898.

THE SERVICE AT CLAPTON.

The funeral service was two-fold, consisting of a solemn assembly in the Congress Hall, and the usual service at the grave. The scene at the commencement of the former, when Commissioner Howard, moved by strong feeling, rose, prayed, and then gave out the song the deceased loved to sing at many of his holiness meetings—"My heart is fixed," was one that subdued and touched the hearts of all.

On the right flank of the platform ranged several hundred Cadets, to the left the officers of the London Province; on the platform the Staff and relatives of our comrade—William and Samuel Read and Mr. Larford. In a square in from of the platform, rested, on bare trestles, the coffin, over which hung the Army colors, and a special flag presented by the Chief-of-the-Staff, and our comrades Bible. The great hall was two-thirds full, and the I. H. Q. Staff Band led the singing. Brigadier Brown, from the United States, and Commissioner Nicol linked their petitions in prayer, that the great lessons of the Christian worker's life might produce a determination to have more of the life, and power, and spirit which Brigadier Read so powerfully manifested in his character and work.

In the course of his remarks, Commissioner Howard read the following messages:

"Brigadier Read was a man of high principle, but of humble mind and spirit. He was a Salvationist, to go through with Jesus, living or dying.

"He bore affliction in an uncomplaining, way, rejoicing spirit. He loved the war, he shared the privations and toils of the fishermen of Newfoundland, and fought for God in the frozen prairies of the North-West of Canada.

"He sought renewed health in order that he might continue the fight for God and souls. In his last hours, with the shadows of death already rising upon him, his one theme was Redeeming Love, and he left behind him a testimony of a sanctified life; let us follow him. I pray for his dear wife and child, and his comrades in Canada."—Chief-of-the-Staff.

"To the Chief-of-the-Staff, from the Canadian comrades.—Heaven welcomes our Army's hero, saint and warrior—tried and proved."—Field Commissioner.

"My Husband's faithfulness through warfare and suffering has been my life's guiding star."—Mrs. Brigadier Read.

Major Forward spoke with deep feeling, and testified to the Salvationism of Brigadier Read. The big crowd, as she told of the last days and hours of the Brigadier, was moved to tears.

Then Brigadier Scott, and old fellow-comrade of Brigadier Read, prayed that the comfort of the Spirit might fall upon mother, wife, child, and relatives; and the benediction fell upon one of the most solemn services ever held in the Congress Hall.

AT THE GRAVE.

The site of the graves lies in a cluster of trees. The concourse numbered nearly two thousand. The sun lay beneath a heavy cloud, and shone upon a scene—not of sorrow—but—but for the deep gap in the ground and the oaken shell—on one of rare brightness and color. A galaxy of flags hung over the grave, while rows and rows, in semi-circle form, of officers and soldiers, in bright red and blue, crowded around. At the head of the grave stood four Commissioners, and to the left the relatives.

After the first hymn had been sung—"There is a better world"—and sung in the spirit of sanctified sorrow, Colonel Hay prayed. Commissioner Coombs, who had come up from his engagements in the Province to be present, here pitched the refrain, "Rock of Ages."

Commissioner Nicol stepped forward and testified as one who knew the secret thoughts and purposes of the Brigadier.

"Brigadier John Read was a man and a soldier of God. I knew him. He unfolded to me in Toronto the secrets of his heart, and again, on this side of the Atlantic, a few days before he laid down his sword, he told me that he had only one ambition on earth, and that was to die at his post. A few night before he died, I went for a short walk with him along the beautiful terrace situated above the River Thames to the South of Richmond, and as we walked along the Terrace the spirit of despondency seized him and he said, 'Nicol, if I don't get better, will you tell my comrades and tell the General that I have got an experience that is as blue and clear as the sky above my head. I have a peace that is as sweet and calm as the water that flows beneath ou feet.' I said to him, 'Do you want to live?' He said, 'If I do, you tell my comrades that I will make up what I have cost them by the loss of activity to the battle-field by working harder and fighting more desperately for the salvation of souls.' He was a soldier of Jesus Christ not merely a child of grace; not merely captivated by the love of God, making up his mind that heaven should be his reward, but the spirit of the Man Christ Jesus, who loved the souls and bodies of humanity had got into his brain, inspiring him with resolutions and ambitions and schemes for the future. He was a man of God and, as a Salvation Army Officer, I rejoice at standing at the head of his coffin and declaring to you that there is nothing grander, there is nothing more picturesque and beautiful than a life liver for Jesus Christ in a world of unbelief and pride and selfishness. You may go to your academies and see the work of the fingers of artists and listen to the poetry of men's gifted lips, and you may see in the works of nature the attributes of a Divine intelligence, but there is nothing so sublime and nothing so beautiful as to see portrayed in the actions and to hear in the words of a mortal man the spirit and the purpose of Jesus Christ. If there are any of you around this open grave this afternoon who, up to the present, have not seen this beauty and realized the merits and the worth of this sort of life, I trust the testimony that has been given will so entice you that in his death, our comrade will secure victories for his Master such as his life on earth never would have accomplished. I am glad, therefore, to be associated with him in spirit around the throne this afternoon and to voice this testimony. A few weeks ago he said, 'When I get well, I will come and help you in your department.' As I stood this morning scribbling a few notes for the report to-night, I thought, the Brigadier has gone up to heaven to write letters for Jesus Christ, and he has left me here to finish a little of his work. Oh, may the spirit of God, the spirit of Pentecost and peace and victory and war be poured into our hearts, and may we go from this grave to take hold of the powers of evil in this city, and by faith and prayer and love shake them from their foundations and bring thousands of souls to Jesus Christ."

Commissioner Coombs next spoke as follows: "I count it an honor to be here. I have known him for a number of years, appointed him to his first corps in Canada and also put him upon the Staff there. Watching his work and watching his life, I can say of a truth we are going to lay in the grave the body of a devoted Salvationist, one whose heart was altogether in the war, who had no ambitions apart from Jesus Christ and the interests of His kingdom. I am also glad to be able to bear testimony to the efficient work our dear comrade has done and if, instead of being in London, his body could have been borne through the streets of Toronto, there would have been even a greater crowd than there is here today. They had learned to love him because of his real worth and had fought side by side with him, and, more than that, many had been brought to God through his instrumentality. It seems to me that the great point in the life of our comrade was that he had one purpose, one object, and for that he went with all his heart and with all his soul. There was no question with him as to whether he would or would not live and die a Salvationist. It was not a matter to be brought up for discussion, but was something settled—to be a soldier living, a soldier dying and welcomed to a soldier's home. I cannot forget, as I stand here to-day, her who is with us in spirit—no less a devoted warrior than he was. I can well imagine, having known her from her earliest days as quite a girl in the Salvation Army, knowing also her devoted life and also something of her loving heart, what it meant to her to part with her husband in the hope that something might be done to restore his health. God has called him to Himself, but she is in the Army, and our hearts' sympathies go out to her. I have not the least doubt that the vows she took upon herself at their union will be carried out, that she who is left behind will carry on the war. How near God is to us, and He is just so near to the comrades and dear ones there as He is to us and the dear ones here, the only difference is we stand on the English side of the Throne and they stand on the Canadian side, and the same Hand that drops down blessings there will drop down here. We are in the work and we will not leave our posts. We will fight—that is my determination—until we conquer the foe's most might host. Amen!"

Another veteran, Commissioner Rees, with feeling addressed the assembled crowd next: "During my term of office in Canada, our beloved comrade, Brigadier Read, who is not here but has risen, was the Editor of the War Cry. When I had the news of his death I went straight to my little dwelling and sat down to write the sad news to my wife, who knew him and his dear wife quite as intimately as I did myself. We began to compare notes, and we agreed that there was three things that stood out very plainly in the life of our departed comrade. They were, First, There was no question but that he was a saint of the first water. He knew God, and he understood how to live a life of faith on the promises God had given; Secondly, He was a soldier in the truest sense of the word, and Thirdly, He was a Salvationist.

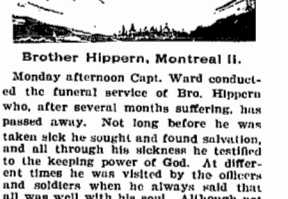
"During my term of office there, we had two or three very troublesome periods, and on one occasion, when the clouds were rather low and winds of adversity threatened to blow heavily upon us, I was sitting in the office opening my letters when a gently knock came to the office door, and Brigadier Read and his wife entered the office. They said, 'Good morning, Commissioner. We don't want to take up your time, but we want to say this, that we are Salvationists. If the old ship shakes, we are here to help to steady her; but desert her, no never. You can count on us, Commissioner.' There we knelt and prayed round the office table together, committing ourselves and the work God had laid upon our hearts, to Him. I remember soon after, when I farewelled, he was the last man but three that shook my hand as I left the wharf on the steamboat. He said, 'Remember, Commissioner, if the old ship shakes, we are here to steady her; but desert her, no never. Good-bye; and if we never meet again, we shall meet on the eternal morning.' We never have been privileged to meet again since, but I say, looking into this open grave, as confidentially as it was said to those women who came to seek the Saviour, He is no here; here is the grave, here is the coffin, but he is not here, he is risen."

Mr. William Read, the eldest brother of our comrade, touched every soul by his simple testimony of thanks. He closed by praying God's blessing on the Army. Then came the reading—a fitting conclusion to an afternoon remarkable in the annals of our London and Canadian warfare—of the following message from the General:

"While deeply sympathizing with the widow and family of our beloved comrade, Brigadier Read, and deploring the loss the Army has suffered in his promotion to Glory, I give thanks to God for the brave, persevering and successful fight he was enabled to maintain, and magnify the grace that was his strength and joy, and expect, with confidence, that from his graveside others will volunteer to take his place in the ranks.

"Comrades, we go forward, strong in the assurance of a reunion before the Throne of God."

CLINTON HARVEST FESTIVAL DECORATIONS.



Brother Hippern, Montreal II.

Monday afternoon Capt. Ward conducted the funeral service of Bro. Hippern who, after several months suffering, has passed away. Not long before he was taken sick he sought and found salvation, and all through his sickness he testified to the keeping power of God. At different times he was visited by the officers and soldiers when he always said that all was well with his soul. Although not an enrolled soldier he requested that the Army should bury him. The funeral service was held in the barracks on Monday, and a large crowd attended. God was in our midst and people were made to think of their end and judgment. Bro. Hippern's wife is a soldier. We pray that God will comfort and cheer her, and bless her family with salvation.—W. G., R. C.

Mrs. Randell, Petrolia.

To say it was a shock to hear of the death of our beloved comrade, Mrs. Randell, is a mild way of expressing our feelings, we all felt so sure she was rapidly getting better. Typhoid fever laid her on her death-bed, just twenty-one days after she was taken ill. This particular morning the doctor had said she might sit up in bed, and the following Sunday she would probably be down stairs. She did sit up in bed and about two hours later called her nurse, only a few moments afterwards was gone to Heaven. The next hour she did come down stairs, but in her coffin. On the Sunday even we held a memorial service. Thank God she testified the last time I called on her just three days previous to being saved, that Jesus was precious to her soul. She had been a faithful soldier for many years, marching often when very weak in body, and always willing to do what she could for God and the Army. We shall miss her, but Jesus saw it was enough and called her up higher. May the Lord so help us all to live that if called suddenly we shall also be ready. Sister Randell leaves but one near relative, her husband, who at the time of writing lies dangerously ill with the same disease. May God sustain him in this dark hour of loneliness and sorrow. Amen.—Ensign Ottaway.

Ensign Burrows' Review.

Some four months have gone by since I took charge of Brockville Corps, and after receiving my farewell orders, I began to review that time to ascertain what progress had been made. I give God the glory for the way in which He helped us, for in this stated time some FORTY-FOUR persons professed salvation, and not a few sought a clean heart. Four soldiers were enrolled and two others added to our numbers, being soldiers elsewhere. The Financial League, which was organized to assist in the financing of the corps, boasts now of fifteen members, who pay from 10c. to $1 per month. Over $60 were raised during our recent Festival. Re Juniors: Six additional companies have been organized—five at the outpost and one in the town—making nine companies in all. One Junior Cadet accepted. Five Junior recruits enrolled as soldiers. Drilling brigades organized, and five Local Officers commissioned, and ten additional Young Soldiers taken. Yet the progress seems slow in comparison to the great work to be done.

Our last public meeting was held on Tuesday, when we had a real good finish, and a goodly number sat down at the farewell tea.—Yours fighting, W. H. Burrows.

III.—WATCH THE MAGGOT.

I was staying in one of the best Christian homes at Elsternwick, in Australia. A young lady said one day, "Dear brother, I do not see my plant growing. I water it, I try my best with it, but I don't see that it grows."

I said, "What is the matter with it?"

"I don't know; I put water on it and manure it. I have done all that I could, but I do not see any growth. There are a few leaves on the top, but no growth."

I said to her, "Perhaps there is something at the bottom; did you ever thing so?"

"Oh," she said, "I never thought of that."

She took a knife and dug to the bottom of the plant to see if there was anything there. She found a big maggot just at the root, and took it out.

She said to me, "What a big maggot I found at its root!"

I said, "That was the hindrance of your plant's growth. You put manure and water on it, but you didn't find out what was hindering its growth."

When I went to Ceylon she wrote me a letter, in which she said, "My plant is growing now. I have learned two lessons from it. First, I found out the reason why my plant was not growing—because there was a maggot just at its root. Second, that told me exactly the state of my soul."

She had never believed in the cleansing; although I had said many things to convince her, she did not come to the point. A healthy life depends on a clean heart. The plant was not healthy, so it could not grow. Now you see that cleansing of heart is absolutely necessary for a healthy and pure life.

IV.—OVERCOMING OBSTACLES.

"Yesterday," says Prof. C. E. Bessey, in The Plant World, "a friend handed me a 'spring lily,' which illustrated what a plant can do when necessary to overcome obstacles. The leaf which started up from the small bulb late in the winter, after growing nearly 1½ inches, encountered a serious obstacle to its upward growth in the form of a twig ¼ inch thick, which, while somewhat rotten, was still quite well preserved. The twig was held down by ¾ inch of earth, so that it remained firm when the point of the rolled leaf began to push against it. It must have been a severe struggle when took place under the ground when the young leaf steadily pushed its way towards the light. The leaf must reach the light or perish, and, as the diver who meets with an obstruction in his ascent must overcome it or drown in the depths, so this leaf must overcome the obstructing twig which bars its way to the sunlight. Not being able to lift the twig or push it out of the way, it pushed through it, as an awl is pushed through a piece of wood. An examination of the specimen shows that the apex of the leaf is armed with a mass of harder cells which protect the softer tissues below the apex, just as the iron shoe of an alpenstock protects the softer wood of the shaft. In the leaf this hard point bore the pressure from the swelling cells below, and it was finally thrust into and through the twig the hole being exactly like that made by an awl when thrust into wood without twisting. The leaf and the plant as a whole are none the worse for this exploit, the blade being perfect in outline and of full size, while the long petiole shows but its usual graceful curves."

COLORED ELOQUENCE.

A white minister, after conducting services at a colored church, asked an old deacon to lead in prayer. The brother in black offered a fervent appeal for the white brother and said: "O Lord, gib him de eye ob de eagle det he spy out sin afar off. Put his hands to de Gospel plow. Tie his tongue to de line ob truth. Nail his ear to de Gospel pole. Bow his head way down between his knees and his knees way down in some lonesome, dark and narrow valley where prayer is much de wanted to be made. 'Noint him wid de karosene ile ob salvashon and set him on fire."

A Newfoundland Platform Talk.

"Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst come under my roof, but speak the word only and my servant shall be healed. For I also am a man in authority, having soldiers under me," etc.

We ought to live so that outside of simply being able to say we believe we are saved, we should have a living, doubt-destroying witness that we are God's.

God's through the shedding of the Blood and through the pardon the Blood gives, and also God's by the spirit which He giveth—not by measure—to His people.

We are not only supposed, as Christians, to have the

Power to Reason with God

and to be in a position to so reason on account of having had the Blood applied to our hearts, but we are supposed to have the Spirit within making intercession with ours, with groanings which cannot be uttered. The Word also says that the Spirit searcheth all things, even the deep things of God, and that it will not speak of itself, but will show us of the father.

Do we, as Christians, so live that we can not only plead with the belief that pardon is ours through repentance towards God and faith in Jesus Christ, but also with the Spirit, having Him to the utmost of our possibilities of containing Him, so that we not only pray, but the Spirit prays with us.

Do our every thought, word and deed so manifest the spirit that when we come to God, the spirit which God gives to man comes with us, and when we pray that spirit

Takes Hold of God

and urges the Father to a fulfilling of His promises. Can He (the Spirit) reason with the Father in our behalf, and, in presenting His supplications to the throne, say, "I also am one in authority, having people under me, and I say to one go, and he goeth, and to another come, and he cometh," and in the face of this fact He obtains from God acquiescence in His wishes, having for His plea that He (the Spirit) does the will of the Father. Perhaps someone reasons that the Spirit is part of God, and must, of necessity, do that which is demanded of it by God. It is to be admitted that the Spirit is the gift of God, and that God in giving it gives a measure of Himself, yet it is to be also admitted by all, and being proved by a great many, that we can in just as real and obedient a sense follow the Lord

According to the Light Given

as that which the Spirit manifests in obeying the Father, and having that Spirit for a medium through which the wishes of the Father are made known, the individual in presenting his plea to the throne refers to his own integrety and the constant allegiance which he exacts of those around him, and which he makes to become his servants, asking that he may be rewarded in the casting out of devils and healing of sin-sick souls. For while we are servants of God we must follow Him as a matter of choice. We not only follow the Spirit as regards being shown the things of God, having them given to us, but we may and must always have that Spirit as one, who shows us that which will make for our peace, showing us the corruption that belongs to human nature, and how we can avoid that corruption, so that we may keep the body under subjection.

We become castaways, giving us a

Groundwork of Hope

that the Father would grant us our requests as we follow the dictates of the Spirit in all his blessed workings. In the same sense would the soldiers referred to do the will of their ruler and obey the laws of their country, although having these laws made known to them through a medium, that medium being a centurion.

Faith in the man would enable those soldiers to follow where he would lead and do what would be his dictates, knowing that by so doing their country would be served. May we, as Christians, ever have the blessed Spirit as our leader. Not only born of the Spirit, as far as having peace with God is concerned, which comes with justification, but may we have Him as our sanctifier and purifier; putting us in a more definite and a more sweet experience, where we shall in a more blessed sense love Him who loved us and gave Himself for us. Faith and obedience will bring the Spirit into our hearts, leading us into a greater realization of the fullness of the stature of the Man, Christ Jesus. J. M.

Helps for J. S. Workers.

THE DEDICATION OF JESUS.

Luke ii. 21-38.

The rite of circumcision was performed according to the commandment of God (Genesis xvii.) and was a sign of the covenant between the Jews and God—a token that they were His peculiar people. By Creation All Men are God's People, but sin has separated them from Him. Circumcision signified the putting away of sin.

The Obedience of God

to the law is one of the most important lessons to learn in this incident. It shows that Christ came, not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it. Why should He, who was the Son of God, need to be admitted into God's family? (Heb. ii. 17.) He would be as a sinner, though not a sinner. He took upon Himself our nature.

"His Name was Called Jesus."

The Angel of the Lord had intimated this before, hence now that He is to receive His name, He is called Jesus, which signifies a Saviour. It was a common name among the Jews. It was the name of two eminent types of Him in the Old Testament, Joshua, the successor of Moses, who was commander of Israel and conqueror of Canaan; and Joshua, the High Priest, who was therefore purposely crowned that he might prefigure Christ as a priest upon his throne (Zech. vi. 11-13).

Given to God.

He was a first-born son, and as such God had a peculiar claim upon Him (Exodus xiii. 2). His being presented to the Lord signifies His presenting Himself to the Father as the Mediator between God and man. While the ceremony is proceeding an aged man comes in. Who is it? This is Simeon. For years he has been looking out for the "Consolation of Israel," that is, for the Messiah, in whom alone the nation of Israel would find consolation. The Spirit had directed him to the Temple, and there he sees what he has long been expecting. How he knew it was the promised Saviour we cannot say, but probably the same Spirit who directed Simeon to the Temple revealed to him the Saviour. If we seek Him we shall find Him, and the revelation of Jesus to our hearts will fill us with the same joy that Simeon felt.

Simeon's Song.

Simeon's song was uttered in the very words of prophesy. Christ came to be the light of the world, not merely a Saviour to the Jews, but to be a "light to lighten the Gentiles," who were in darkness. The fulfilment of Simeon's declarations concerning Christ are apparent. He has been a Saviour of life to some and a Saviour of death to others.

Ite Was Spoken Against

during the time of His ministry by those who were in sin. He endured the contradiction of sinners, but this only goes to prove the truth of the words uttered that the "thoughts of many hearts shall be revealed." God, through His word, aided by the Holy Ghost,

Reveals Men's Hearts Now,

and also reveals a Saviour "who is able to save them to the uttermost who come unto God by Him."

Anna, the Prophetess, a widow, who spent much time in prayer and fasting, coming in at that time caught up the spirit of Simeon's song, and confirmed what he had declared concerning the Messiah. The spiritual condition of the church was not of the best at that time, but no matter how degencrate things were

"God had not Left Himself Without Witnesses."

We can take courage from this fact, that in all ages of the world there has always been one or more who have been faithful to God, and through whom He has made known His salvation when it seemed there was no witness left.

Returning to Nazareth.

Everything was accomplished according to law, and the father, mother and Child returned home to Nazareth. How wonderfully Jesus developed! He grew in physical strength and stature, the powers of His human mind were improved; He was filled with wisdom by the light of the indwelling Spirit, which gradually opened itself in His soul, and the peculiar favor of God was upon Him even as a man.

This should stimulate every one to serve God with all the powers they possess, and seek to imitate Christ in the daily life, and the same blessings may be enjoyed.

MEMORY TEXT.

"Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

BOUGHT TONGUES.

"Death and life are in the power of the tongue: and they that love it shall eat the fruit thereof."—Prov. xviii, 21.

"WELL, my tongue is my own," said R—, on being remonstrated with about speaking unkindly to a girl sitting near her.

"Oh, it is that tongue of yours," we answered. "And it is not your own. It was bought and paid for. It is not your own."

"Oh, no!" she answered lightly, "no money was ever given for me."

"No, not money," we again replied, "not silver or gold, but the precious Blood of Jesus, and you are keeping back from God that which belongs to Him."

The words, "My tongue is my own," set me thinking about the tongue that Apostle James speaks of as "an unruly evil" which "no man can tame," but we rejoice at the thought that although no man can tame it, there is a power that can, and, oh, how differently the tongue is used when it is "tamed" by that unseen power, the blessed Holy Spirit.

How often lives are made brighter and happier by a word of kindness, it has changed whole lives, lives that might have been ruined, have been brought back to God by a word of kindness, and in times of sorrow or bereavement, how a kind sympathetic word has lifted the burden, eased the pain, and the way seemed so much brighter than before the word was spoken.

And even in our own Army, how we can help each other by a loving, kind word. How often in our own experience a few kind words given has helped us to go through difficulties, which every soldier has to encounter in the war. Oh, how careful we should be of our words; what a blessing or a curse our words can be.

The Psalmist prayed, "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight." And the secret of the right, kind, loving word is

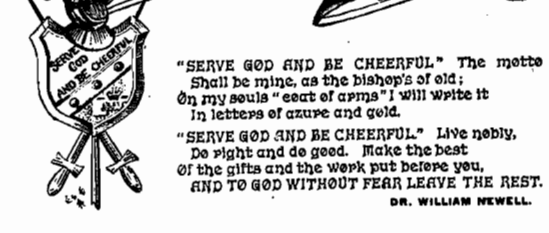
The State of the Heart

We often speak of what we meditate upon. If the meditations of our heart are acceptable with God, our words will be acceptable; but if we allow unkind, sinful thoughts to arise, our words will be as our thoughts—unkind, bitter, and hard, often perhaps unjust.

Unkind words! how they wound and cut. Not many spoken, perhaps, but the work is done. Some little word that may injure some one for life, and the thoughtless words, no harm meant, but harm often comes through light, thoughtless words. They may be small at first, but when repeated they grow almost to a mountain. We need to pray with the Psalmist, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

Lord help us to never keep back the kind word, and also to "keep our tongues from evil and our lips from speaking guile."

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds.
You can't do that when you are flying words:
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead.
God Himself can't kill them when they are said. J. MACDONALD.



"SERVE GOD AND BE CHEERFUL" The motto
Shall be mine, as the bishop's of old;
On my souls "coat of arms" I will write it
In letters of azure and gold.

"SERVE GOD AND BE CHEERFUL." Live nobly,
Do right and do good. Make the best
Of the gifts and the work put before you,
AND TO GOD WITHOUT FEAR LEAVE THE REST.

DR. WILLIAM NEWELL.

The Sin of Ananias AND Sapphira

BY THE GENERAL.

THE sin of Ananias and Sapphira was a terrible sin, and led to a terrible tragedy. The whole circumstances have made the church shudder, from that day to this, so terrible has it appeared when it has come under its contemplation. I am afraid, however, that Ananias and Sapphira have successors in our day. Perhaps the calamity connected with their sin may not follow in as sudden and as striking a manner, yet it is connected with it, and will follow. Maybe there are some of their successors reading these lines.

Let us enquire if that is so, and if they can be discovered, perhaps the discovery may induce them to take such a course as may avert a similar catastrophe to that of which we read of in the fifth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

We do not know but they were amongst the little crowd that gathered around the graveside of Lazarus, and watched the flowing tears and heaving bosoms of Mary and Martha as they mourned the unexpected decease of their dear brother. Perhaps they caught a glimpse of the man as he laid in his corruption in the sepulchre. Perhaps, as they heard that mighty voice commanding him to come forth, they saw the first stirrings of the corpse as he waked to life again, arose and came forth, and perhaps they went forth to tell the story of that marvellous miracle.

It is very possible they were amongst the number that stood afar off and looked at the Saviour as He hung upon that bloody tree, THAT SIGHT FOR EARTH, HEAVEN AND HELL—that sight which must have crushed the hearts of the attending angels and made the very devils tremble at the thought of the consequences it foreboded. It may be they watched Him on Olivet as He ascended the clouds and went through the golden gates to glory.

However, we leave probability behind, and come almost to certainty when we see them amongst the crowd who listened to Peter preaching that wonderful Pentecostal sermon that brought three thousand people to the penitent form. They were converted, perhaps, on that occasion. Perhaps they had only been hearers, churchgoers, nominal professors until then; it is likely they entered into the kingdom of grace and became real partakers there.

We can imagine them, having joined the infant church, listening to some of the appeals that those who loved Jesus Christ and felt duly grateful for the sacrifices He had made on their behalf would give, that they with others should impart of their substance to help spread His fame, and bring others to the enjoyment of His mercy, and also to imitate Him in helping the poor and the hungry. They would hear one get up and say, "I will give my house." "I will give my furniture," another. "And I will bring my jewelry and lay it at the feet of my Lord," adds a third. I fancy I see Sapphira, as she plucks the arm of her husband, and says, "There is that piece of land at that street corner, Ananias. I heard them talking this morning about it, how it had improved in value—cannot we give that to our Lord?"

I can hear Ananias say, "Sapphira, thou wert always a generous woman, I think we will—my heart is throbbing with gratitude."

UP JUMPS ANANIAS

"I have got a piece of land: it is a valuable property, never mind, I owe all to Him who died for me, for what would I have been were it not for Him. I will give you this piece of land." How the people applauded. They knew Ananias and his wife were rather stingy bodies, and were somewhat surprised. "Surely," they thought, "Ananias must be growing in grace. He must have got a clean heart; must have been making wonderful progress," and HIS EXAMPLE ENCOURAGED OTHER PEOPLE TO GIVE. The men embraced one another with a holy kiss, the women kissed one another, and they shouted "Hallelujah!" sang the doxology five times over and went to their homes rejoicing.

I think I see them as they journeyed home. Ananias and Sapphira began talking about the meeting and the promise they had made, they began to look at things—began reasoning about them—which generally means giving way to unbelief—and then they began to wonder whether they hadn't been a little too hasty, whether they hadn't done something under the influence of the hour, and actually given more than they could afford, more than was to be expected from people in their position in life. Then they began to think about the proverbial rainy day, which the devil is always bringing into notice, and which so often never, never comes. They were almost sure they had given more than they could afford, and no doubt the devil helped them in that sort of reasoning.

Perhaps they had some grown-up sons and daughters who began to argue with them about giving away their inheritance, or they had some parsimonious relatives who reckoned they were coming in for this piece of land in the old man's will, and who opposed anything likely to prevent its coming along to them.

I do not know, I do not care, I only know this, that they repented of what they had done, and instead of Ananias having the courage to go and tell Peter he had changed his mind, he said to his wife, "I tell you what we'll do, Sapphira, the land is very valuable, no one has any idea of the real worth. Peter doesn't know anything about the value of land, so we'll just sell the property and give half the price as though it were the whole, and we will

KEEP HALF THE PRICE

ourselves—or at least keep a certain amount for ourselves and also keep our reputation with the church, and with the people round about." Says Sapphira, "Ananias, thou are a clever man. I always thought so, else I never would have had thee." So they went back on their consecration vow.

In the first place, here is a man who sometime ago was brought to a knowledge of himself, saw what a guilty wretch he was, how he had broken the commands of God, and trampled upon the Blood of Christ, and exposed himself to the penalty of the broken law, and was on the way to hell. God showed this to him, and at the same time showed him that there was salvation for him. He went down on his knees and said, "If You will pardon my sins I will give up everything I know to be wrong; the drink shall go, that adulterous connection shall go, lying and cheating shall go. I will give it all up." He cast himself on the mercy of God, and God says to him, "All right, you give up your sins and I will give you My salvation."

There is the contrast. "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." "Repent ye and be converted." The man repents, that is his part; he gives up, so far as he has got ability to do it, and God gives him salvation.

For a time he goes on swimmingly. Then he comes in contact with some half-saved people, who tell him there is no need to be so strict, and that he can have his pleasures, this, that and the other thing. He listens to what they have got to say, and goes back upon his promises, holds back part of the price.

Then, there is a woman who goes to meeting and hears that the Blood of Christ can make the foulest clean, that there is salvation from pride, malice, fashion, love of money, love of the world; that she can have the peace, peace that flows like a river, and the righteousness, boundless as the waves of the sea. The hearts that Jesus Christ is willing to come and live in her soul, control every motion, and make her a holy, useful woman of God down here on earth, and she says, "My Lord give me this salvation!"

One says, "You must give up all doubtful things." She kneels down and says that she will give up fashionable dress and habits, connection with the world, and she strips and gives herself without reserve fully to Jesus Christ to do His will. God comes into her soul and she has His sanctification; she lives within sight of the Land of Beulah, and is a joy and source of power and blessing to everyone around about.

And then—AND THEN—she comes under some half-saved parson, or some backslidden officer, or into communication with some people who say, to walk with God you need not be such an enthusiast, you need not be such a fanatic, you can make the best of both worlds, especially of this. There is no need for all this to do. You need not make your life miserable with this toil. One by one she drops the things that she had chosen, and takes back the things she had surrendered—she takes back part of the price, she goes back to where she was before, or to a lower grade.

(To be Continued.)

BUT a certain man named Ananias, with Sapphira his wife, sold a possession,

And kept back *part* of the price, his wife also being privy to *it*, and brought a certain part, and laid *it* at the apostles' feet.

But Peter said, Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back *part* of the price of the land?

While it remained, was it not thine own? and after it was sold, was it not in thine own power? why hast thou conceived this thing in thine heart? thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God.

And Ananias hearing these words fell down, and gave up the Ghost: and great fear came on all them that heard these things.

And the young men arose, wound him up, and carried *him* out, and buried *him*.

And it was about the space of three hours after, when his wife, not knowing what was done, came in.

And Peter answered unto her, Tell me whether ye sold the land for so much? and she said, Yea, for so much.

Then Peter said unto her, How is it that ye have agreed together to tempt the Spirit of the Lord? behold, the feet of them which have buried thy husband *are* at the door, and shall carry thee out.

Then fell she down straightway at his feet, and yielded up the ghost: and the young men came in, and found her dead, and, carrying *her* forth, buried *her* by her husband.

And great fear came upon all the church, and upon as many as heard these things.—Acts v. 1-XI.

The sin of this man and his wife arose out of UNFAITHFULNESS TO A CONSECRATION VOW. They made a vow, and they did not fulfil it, you know the consequences. We have no detailed narrative about these people; their names are not mentioned in any other part of the book, but we can readily imagine something, without going very far from what seems to be the extreme probability of this case.

It is quite possible this couple were amongst the little crowd that gathered at the Saviour's feet as He preached that marvellous sermon on the mount; that was only some three years before. It is quite possible, too, that they followed in His train during His earthly career; perhaps they were amongst the crowd who hungered in the wilderness and were fed by the loaves and fishes, that were multiplied in His sacred fingers.

GAZETTE.

Appointment:—

Ensign Bale, Accountant Territorial Headquarters, to take charge of Seaforth Corps.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.

No Officer who can possibly arrange to be present at the Sixteenth Anniversary Meetings should be absent. For particulars see announcement on page 16.

Expectation.

"You did not expect souls to get saved in every one of your meetings?" was the query put by Mr. Spurgeon to a young minister who complained to him that so very few conversions had taken place in his services. "No, I did not expect that," said the discouraged evangelist. "That is exactly the reason why you did not have any souls," pointedly and correctly replied Spurgeon. This well-known anecdote bears repeating, for its lesson is particularly applicable to the coming October meetings. Officers and soldiers should not allow themselves to be contented with mere resolve to come to Toronto to have a good time in a general way, or because they are in the habit of coming. Such cases will always find some source of disappointment or dissatisfaction. We should look forward to these annual gatherings with great expectation, first to BE a definite blessing, and secondly to RECEIVE a definite blessing.

Give, then Get.

No, it was not a slip of the pen when we wrote, "FIRST, to be a blessing." It is indespensible that we should be a blessing in order to be blessed. We should first bless each other with comradely greetings; the smiling countenance, the heartfelt "God bless you," the glad recognition of fellow-fighters, is an important factor to lay ourselves open to all the benefits that succeeding meetings may mean to our spirits. We can further bless the respective leader of the meetings by our faith and prayers. Who should better be able to rightly value the inspiration created by the surrounding of a number of sympathetic people, whose faith and prayers multiply the force of the speaker. In the officers councils we may be of invaluable blessing to our beloved Field Commissioner by coming up with definite expectations, in time, and by giving single-eyed attention. All these are blessings to be given first; such giving will of necessity bring us an increased spiritual return, to some tenfold, to others thirtyfold, and to the wise an hundredfold.

Preparation.

The best way to expect much is to let our mind go back to past Congresses and recollect how our souls were refreshed and our hearts then burned within us with holy enthusiasm to rush more desperately into the fight against sin. Let your mind dwell on the blessing of last year's Congress, and think of the substantial knowledge of holy warfare you then gained, and how the light then received has lighted you when many dark difficulties have met you. Then pray fervently that our great War Lord's power may be given physically and spiritually in an extraordinary degree to the Field Commissioner. We have repeatedly had occasions to refer to severe trials and perplexing problems, sickness and bereavements that have recently so thickly fallen in the path of our beloved Commissioner, that we feel quite assured of the special intercessions of the rank and file on her behalf.

Persecutions.

Civic authorities, in England and the U. S. A., have recently caused a revival of the persecutions wholly malignant and unwarranted. Several cases in those countries have been recorded in the more recent issues of the War Cry; again in to-day's foreign news we make mention of a case which appears especially brutal. While these manifestations are to be regretted, yet in the light of "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake," it seems to indicate also a revival in our midst of more desperate attacks upon sin, causing the proverbial kicking back of the devil.

Special

The Territorial Secretary at Lisgar St.

Brigadier and Mrs. Margetts, accompanied by Major Smeeton and Adjutant Byers, conducted, last Sunday, at Lisgar St., the memorial service of our beloved Brigadier J. Read, who has left this world of care to receive the bright crown in Glory. The service was solemn and impressive. Barracks crowded. People moved to tears and soldiers deeply affected when Adjt. Byers read a message from our bereaved sister, Mrs. Brigadier Read. God bless her and sustain her in her deep sorrow. Capt. Hart sang "There be no more parting there." Major Smeeton read a few verses from Revelation, "These are they which came out of great tribulation and washed their robes white in the Blood of the Lamb," of which number our brother is one. When he farqwelled ONE soul knelt at the penitent form, and ONE knelt at the penitent form at his memorial service.—S. McFarland, R. C.

The General Secretary at the Pavilion

The Field Commissioner being unable to fulfil her engagement to speak at the Prohibition Meeting at the Pavilion, Toronto, on Sunday, Sept. 25th, the General Secretary ably filled the appointment. The Globe reports as follows:

"It had been announced that Miss Eva Booth, of the Salvation Army would address the meeting, but owing to the death of a near relative Miss Booth sent a letter of regret, at the same time conveying her warmest sympathy and expressing her wishes for success. Brigadier Coplin, of the Salvation Army, was the first speaker, and made an address which aroused the audience to enthusiasm. He declared that the question is one that belongs to the women more than it does to the men, for drink makes broken-hearted women, destroys the prospects of the children and sometimes dooms them into the world when they ought to be born into it bright, healthy and strong, and he regretted that the women had not for that reason the right to vote. As a Salvation Armp officer he was glad to have the opportunity of standing upon the platform of the association. He had no use for anything that gave the liquor traffic one chance of life, and he wanted a prohibition through and through. (Applause.) In illustration of his position he related an anecdote of the "navvies" Prohibition Association in England, which emphasized the fact that he wanted the drink traffic thrown out "root and branch," so that not even a twig of it shall remain, a sentiment which was vigorously applauded. In the early day of the Army, he said, it had been found necessary to adopt prohibition and to exclude all from membership who are not total abstainers, and when the 29th of September came they would find one solid regiment of red-jerseyed soldiers marching to the polls to kill by their votes the accursed traffic."

Prohibition Meeting at the Temple.

A dismal dripping rain prevented a large crowd gathering in the Jubilee Hall, which otherwise would have been the case, with the Rev. G. R. Turk, of Carlton St. Methodist Church, and the Rev. Mr. Lawson, of Manitoba, announced as speakers.

The Rev. Turk is an old friend of the S. A., and he spoke with enthusiasm and cutting clearness on the untenable stand taken by the anti-prohibitionists in their ten "No'ss," as printed on small cards.

Mr. Lawson was not present, but the Rev. C. O. Johnson, who providentially dropped in, readily responded to an invitation to address the audience. He prefaced his remarks with the humorous romark that he was glad to know there was one blessed good Turk in the world. He dwelt especially upon the importance of button-holing the opposition, and to win him over to the cause of Prohibition by individually dealing with him.

Both speakers were immensely appreciated as the unanimous vote of thanks evidenced.

Brigadier Friedrich acted as chairman. Adjt. Manton and Lieut. Easton sang appropriate solos.

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin at Sudbury

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin welcomed to our midst. Four days' special meetings. A drive to one of the mines where the nickle and copper is picked and drawn from the bowels of the earth. Saturday night lecture by Brigadier captivating. A lady expressed herself as follows, "I would not have missed the holiness meeting for $25." Sunday was a heart-searching time. Officers rejoicing, soldiers rejoicing, backsliders rejoicing, angels rejoicing, and above all the Saviour rejoicing with souls in the Fountain. Three out for consecration and THREE for salvation at night. The Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin's visit has left an everlasting impression on minds and hearts of all. Sudbury comrades say to Brigadier, come nain.—N. R. Trickey, J. S. S.-M.

Commissioner Ridsdel has had proper Hallelujah Awakenings at Kimberly, Vryhing and Mafeking. Many souls were saved.

Mrs. Ridsdel is keeping things very much alive during the Commissioner's absence. In addition to her office work, she is doing prison visitation and midnight Rescue work.

Some kind friend on the borders of Swaziland has generously donated 20 acres of land for a settlement, and promises building materials and labor for a barracks, as well as three fine heifers.

The Social Work is steadily spreading and progressing. A splendid block of buildings is now being erected on the Drufontein Social Farm, in which at least thirty men shall have accommodation. The material for this Home has been granted by the Johannesburg Relief Committee, in return for our giving employment and food to the unemployed from the streets of Johannesburg.

The Commissioner, Lucy Booth-Hellberg, leads a very busy life. She lives on the front and spends much of her activity in different work, attending personally to what she calls her little family—several poor children she has adopted—superintending the work of Slums and Shelters, presiding a great many meetings, and visiting cafes. Her work is not an easy one. May God bless her and her work.

A special brigade composed of musicians under the command of Brigadier Perron-Roussel, is scouting all over France on wheels, preaching the Gospel and doing God's work.

Brigadier and Mrs. Roussel-Schouch have taken command of the French Division of Switzerland.

Both the Brigadier and his wife are well known in France, Switzerland, and Germany.

They will certainly be a means of blessing in their new field of activity.

The blessed Flag of the Army is always in the front.

The Italian War Cry (Grido di Guerra) announces for the near future a new enlisting of soldiers in the different corps of the country.

My Sister's Sorrow.

WHILE my soul was yet palpitating in sympathy with the bitter heart-throbs of my bereaved comrade, Mrs. Brigadier Read, a sudden summons called me to where, 'neath the lowering of dark Sorrow's wing, some bound to me by tenderest ties of love and war were gathered. Ere I reached the home of our American leaders the threatening weight of affliction had fallen, and the little life lent for those few all-too-short months, had taken its flight to the Eternal Sunshine. As I looked upon the transparent features of my sister's baby daughter, who was also my namesake, I could not help feeling they were too fair to do battle with this world's storms and sin, and I was not surprised to hear that even when the baby appeared the healthiest as well as the most beautiful of children the Commander had termed her "a little breath from Heaven."

With rare intelligence in one so young the baby had already given evidence of a tender and sympathetic nature, which, had it been in the will of God to mature, would have doubtless brought infinite blessing and balm in the holy warfare to which the little one had been dedicated. "You could not cry in her presence," says one who watched her; and when at some painful verdict of the doctor drops of grief fell upon the fragile little form, the big blue eyes would fill, and the tiny face upon which the light of a heavenly world already rested seem to reflect the sorrow written upon the agony of mother love which bent over her.

Of the intensity of grief which has borne down the brave spirit of my darling sister, the Consul, I feel it is impossible to speak. She has suffered and sorrowed with all the depth of her acutely sensitive, passionately-loving heart. The physical strain of the last three weeks of unremittent watching and anxiety has made heavy inroads upon her slender store of strength, and I would ask that the prayers of this Territory should unite with the petitions of those across the border to the God of all-sufficiency and strength, that His tenderest support may be given to the Consul in this trying hour.

It was my painful privilege to lay the little one to rest, and in the pathos of that baby's funeral I learnt something of the Heavenly influences which the tiny messenger from the spirit world had wielded upon so great a number of hearts in that city of New York.

The child-spirit stands with her little cousin, my darling sister Lucy's little Evangeline, in the beauty of eternal day—my two little representatives before the Throne—leaving by her transplanting to the skies, another link binding me to the Eternal Homeland.

Evangeline Booth

C. B. M. Prov. Agents' Appointments.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.—Kinmount, Oct. 15, 16; Fenelon Falls, 17; Riaboro, Oct. 18; Omemee, Oct. 19; Bowmanville, Oct. 20, 21; Port Dalhousie, Oct 28.

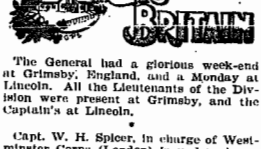
ENSIGN COLLIER.—Kingsville, Oct. 7, Leamington, Oct. 8, 9; Harrow, Oct. 10; Amherstburg, Oct. 11; Essex, Oct. 12, 13; Windsor, Oct. 14, 15, 16.

ENSIGN CUMMINS.—Devil's Lake, Oct. 16, 17; Larimore, Oct. 18, 19, 20; Hannah, Oct. 21, 22, 23; Killarney, Oct. 24; Morden, Oct. 25, 26; Winnipeg, Oct. 27.

ENSIGN SIMS.—St. Johnsbury, Oct. 15, 16; Barre, Oct. 17, 18; Burlington, Oct. 19, 20.

Capt. Baxter visited Stony Wall in the interest of H. F. She was quite successful, returning home in the evening with about $12. The people were pleased to see her, and urged her to return soon to hold a meeting there.

Since last report we have seen TEN precious souls out for pardon. Praise God.—Cadet Russell.



The General had a glorious week-end at Grimsby, England, and a Monday at Lincoln. All the Lieutenants of the Division were present at Grimsby, and the Captain's at Lincoln.

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Capt. W. H. Spicer, in charge of Westminster Corps (London) is undergoing a sentence of thirty days in jail for holding an open-air opposite an ale shop. It is a clear case of bar-keeper's vengeance combined with a magistrate's prejudice, if not vindictiveness.

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The London Printing Department has for a long time been scheming to print the English War Cry in several colors, and experiments have been made for a long time. It is now confidently expected that the dream of the Chief-of-the-Staff, to print in three colors, will shortly be realized.

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The Provincial Flags presented by the General during the recent anniversary meetings at the Alexandra Palace, were brought into use for the first time at the funeral march of Brigadier Read.

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Commissioner Rees has now fully recovered from his illness and has resumed his duties again.

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A striking contrast illustration was given by two pictures representing the Harvest Festival 1490 B. C., and 1888 A. C. Both sketches are identical, only the dresses of men and women differ according to the fashion of the different dates.

Commander and Consul Booth-Tucker have received countless expressions of consolation and sympathy with their bereavement in the death of their baby girl.

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Colonel Higgins, the U. S. Chief Secretary, conducted a series of meetings during a recent week-end at Chicago, with magnificent results.

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Lieut.-Colonel Richard Evans is sojourneying as Spiritual Special in the Pacific Coast Chief Division.

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"Boiling times" at Southampton, L. I., are reported by Adjt. T. H. Adams. The "Board of Health," composed of men prejudiced against the Army, at the point of revolvers forbade the Army entering their own hall and conducting meetings in the same. The wide-awake Lieut.-Colonel Brewer at once arranged an indignation meeting, which was crowded, and which adopted a resolution condemning the outrageous treatment of the S. A. by the authorities.

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565 meals were served recently in one day by the Salvation Army to convalescent soldiers from Montank, at the S. A. Training Home, New York, which building was loaned to the Women's National Relief Association, for the care of sick soldiers.

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The Harvest Festival effort is in full swing throughout the U. S. A. Field.

Newfoundland Nuggets.

By THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.

IN the midst of our officers' council, held in the lower hall of the St. Johns No. 2 barracks, the door of the upper hall received such a heavy and continuous pounding that an officer had to be dispatched to calm the storm. Scarcely had he opened the door when a man, who ought to have got saved in the previous night's meeting, rushed in and made for the penitent form. Another and even a greater noise, directly over our heads now greeted us. "God save me, it is my last chance," cried the man, as with both hands, and with all the heart and voice he possessed he cried for mercy. He got liberty, too. Praise the Lord!

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About 200 men are given employment in the two Copper Mills at Tilt Cove. They work in shifts, day and night, but cannot keep pace with the demand for ore.

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Tilt Cove, in shape, is like a large cup and saucer, with the handle of the former broken off. The cup is full of fresh water, and round a few feet of the saucer nearest the cup is the thoroughfare. On the next space, of say from 25 to 250 feet are houses and gardens, at the back of which, except at the harbor, are high mountains. The S. A. barracks is built over a part of the water. Had a good time here and two souls.

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The island of Newfoundland abounds with berries. Tons of good useful fruit perish annually, for want of gathering and preserving. In a five-mile walk, over a road through the woods, which is constantly travelled, the T. S., without going five yards out of his way, picked and ate some good samples of pears, cherries, blueberries, maiden-hair berries, cracker, or lunch berries, marsh berries, squash berries, red currants, black currants, and raspberries. Would you believe it? "You can gather berries by the handful in some places," said a gentleman to me. A fruit factory, I was informed, is now being established in St. Johns.

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A whaling industry has been opened this year by a Norwegian Co., at Snook's Arm—a few miles from Tilt Cove, to which place the T. S., in company with Brigadier Sharp, Ensign Cooper and other comrades, repaired. Saw half a dozen of the "Monsters of the deep," and thinking a sketch would interest the children, the T. S. will write it up for the Y. S. as soon as he can get time. 'Twas en route to Snook's Arm that we got the berries.

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Both the barracks and the Officers' quarters at Pilley's Island were very creditably built by the united efforts of the officers and soldiers of the corps, without other financial assistance than a $25 donation through the P. O. This simplifies the question of getting a barracks for any corps who can "go and do likewise." The whole thing is paid for, without interfering with either the Harvest Festival or Self-Denial efforts. Three cheers for the Pilley's Island Corps.

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A few features of the Newfoundland Salvationist may not be uninteresting. As a rule he is: I. GREAT AT CONTRIVING. It is a queer difficulty that he cannot overcome—anyway, I find it so among Newfoundland officers, many of whom can mend a pair of boots, make a net in which to boil the potatoes or cabbage, catch a fish and dress, cook and eat it, tell you when the wind is going to rise or fall and generally in which direction the wind will come. They (the men) can row, sail or steer a boat, build a barracks, make or mend a desk or sofa, fix the furniture, sew on a button, wash and mend their clothing, keep house, visit the sick, care for the dying, preach the Gospel, take up a collection, make their own drum and beat it, and some can even make their own words and music. Little, therefore, comes amiss to the Newfoundlander, whether his lot be cast on land or on sea.

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II. HE IS DELIBERATE. He will duly appreciate a good, earnest effort from the platform or a straightforward personal talk, but when he goes to the penitent form, be sure it is purely and entirely because he has made up his own mind, and having done that, he'll go, whether you, another person, or "the Deal," as Brigadier Sharp would term his Satanic Majesty, be in the road. You can be equally positive that when he once gets to the Mercy Seat he will not quit until he KNOWS AND FEELS that he is saved. This is what caused the first case in my first meeting on the island to exclaim, after we had prayed and sang, and sang and prayed until it was getting late, "I can feel it a-coming to my heart now," and to immediately jump to his feet and praise God with heart and soul, with voice, hands and feet.

III. HE IS THOROUGH—that is, he is either an out-and-out soldier, a definite, straight backslider, or a plain unvarnished sinner—no half, or medium measures will suit him. Judge, then, the earnestness with which upon seeing his true spiritual condition, he sets out to seek God, and to pray and believe his way into the Kingdom, or having already started, is shown the "more excellent way." "I was just going to backslide altogether," explained one such, "and lately I had to fix up my testimony the best way I could before I gave it, but now I've got de liberty—de Blood cleanses me. Hallelujah!"

IV. The Newfoundland soldier is GREAT IN PRAYER. Has he reached the barracks quarter or half an hour before meeting time—after a walk of from one to five miles distance—he starts praying. The next comer joins him. There is no time for gossip—besides this is not the place. The barracks is God's house, where souls get blessed and saved, are his revered sentiments. It, therefore, generally happens that when the officer or special arrives he can enter into the delightful duty, and feel the glowing, inspiring influences of a good red-hot prayer meeting. Although I made it a point to BE ON TIME, I scarcely entered a meeting without this most helpful experience. Do you pray?

V. They are UNITED IN THEIR EFFORTS to save souls. No soldier is a looker-on, or an idler. In the prayer meeting they will pray together—every eye is closed, every knee bowed, and with the exception of those on duty at the door, or fishing, etc., and these very often unite, they will sing and work together with their whole heart and strength. They can do a shout in great style, can clap their hands without reserve, and do not hesitate at a dance. During the prayer meetings large numbers of the unconverted stay, being held and interested by the wonderful influence which now steals, and then breaks in fury upon the meetings. As an illustration—although our Sunday night meeting at Twillingate was packed every inch, only nine people left during the first half hour of the prayer meeting.

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Newfoundland, as a colony, is improving, and only NEEDS DEVELOPING and ADVERTISING to bring it to the front. It has rich mining resources — some known and some unknown. Extensive tracts of land, too, in different sections of the country would yield good produce, if properly cultivated. With this, and the successful carrying out of the Reid contract to the full, and the many advantages accruing therefrom, and these being made well known, many visitors will go to the Island, and many new industries—manufacturing and otherwise—should follow. Success and God's blessing to Newfoundland and the Newfoundlanders.

J. E. M.

STEADY BROOK FALL, NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE spirits about whom I write are in living bodies now, and feeling that God inspires me, I am writing in the hope of helping and blessing others. God has been teaching me many things lately; talking to me, and giving me new insight into my own soul, and, I believe, the souls of others. Miss Eva used to say,

"Instead of Always Talking to God, Let Him Talk to You."

and I find it profitable and pleasant to listen. Those dear old Training Home days have some very precious memories.

The first was a girl I knew and loved well in the years that have passed away. We had much in common then, were twin-souls. But God called me to a greater earnestness and a higher path of consecration than I had before realized. In vain I tried to lead her with me; the world proved too attractive, and our paths separated, she to follow the bent of her will, I by grace Divine to tread the God-chosen road. And, to-day, as I look at her face in my album, it bringe sadness because God was disappointed in her, and I think of what she might have been, if God had had His own way.

Another face comes before me now, a sweet young face, well fitted in every way to adorn a home. God called her to a life of sacrifice; she appeared to run well, but, alas, alas! circumstances changed, God's call was set on one side, she is, where so many are to-day, treading the path of disobedience. To outsiders, hers may seem a rosy path, certainly an easier one; but those who set aside God's call can never be perfectly happy.

Her Face Haunts Me To-day

with the memory of what might have been, "the conquests and victories He meant she should have won."

And yet another comes more vividly than the rest, it is with me everywhere; whichever way I turn that face presents itself, and my heart fills with a deep love and pity for the restless soul looking through its eyes. She, too, heard the voice of God calling to a higher sphere, not in a dream, but clear and distinct, as only those who follow God do hear. But it meant sacrifice, losing much that was dear, and she held back, but has proved it loss, loss, loss! She is still in the ranks, but not where she should have been, at the front of the battle. Still with an influence for good, but not the influence she might have had.

She is one of the light weights one so often meets with, that might have been a powerful influence on God's side, if only she had followed Him. The soul still longs intensely for something better and deeper, but until she obeys it will long in vain; it can never be satisfied, because its satisfaction can only be found in doing the will of God.

Another still, a manly face, with broad, high forehead, behind which lay immense capabilities of good or evil, an influence that blesses or curses. For a time he ran well, but family ties, or perhaps the idea that he could do God service in his own way best, came in. Had he followed in the path God meant him to walk, he might have been a blessing instead of a curse.

These are the "spirits" that haunt my waking hours, and rouse to greater diligence the souls over which Christ yearns and weeps, the souls we long to help and bless, over whom we weep and pray, the souls to whom a dying world calls with outstretched hands for help.

My brother, my sister, if such is your experience, rise up, and in the name of Christ who died for you, in the name of all you hold dear, and for your own soul's sake, let Him break your fetters and set you free. Remember that when God gives the call you can follow, or refrain from following. But, know this, the moment you cut yourself off from the will of God

You Lose the Contest and Miss the Prize.

To obey is better than sacrifice, and you can never atone for disobedience by any other good works, or by living an upright moral character. C. B.

"If it is a dreadful thing to murder a man, what is it to having a hand in crucifying Christ?"—The General.

An Iron Pillar.

Autobiography of Madame Guyon.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER eight months my father took me home again. My mother kept me more with her; yet preferred my brother. Even when I was sick and met with anything I liked, if he demanded it, it was taken from me, and given to him, though he was in perfect health. He was continually giving me new vexations. One day he made me mount the top of the coach; threw me down on the ground, and I was much bruised. At other times he beat me. But whatever he did, however wrong, it had the most favorabl construction put upon it. This soure my temper. My step-sisters by my mo ther, gained her good will by caressin him and persecuting me. I relapsed int lying and peevishness. With all thes faults I was charitable to the poor prayed to God assiduously, loved to hea anyone speak of Him, and to read goo books.

I can not bear to hear it said, "W are not free to resist grace." I hav had too long an experience. I closed u the avenues of my heart, that I migh not hear that sacred voice of God, callin me to Himself. I have from tendere youth passed through a series of grie ances. The girl to whose care my moth left me, in dressing my head used to be me, and did not make me turn it but wi blows. My father knew nothing of a this; his love was such he would n have suffered it. I loved him much, b feared him, so I told him nothing. M mother often teased him with complain of me, to which he replied, "There a twelve hours in the day; she'll gro.. wiser."

My father placed me in Lent among the Ursulines, to receive my first communion at Easter, in my eleventh year. And here my dear sister redoubled her care, to cause me to make the best preparation for this act of devotion. I thought now of giving myself to God in good earnest.

Easter arrived, and I received the communion with joy. I stayed till Whitsuntide. As my other sister was mistress of the second class, she demanded that in her week I should be with her. Her manners made me relax my piety. I felt no more that delightful ardor which had seized my heart at my first communion.

As I now grew tall for my age, and more to my mother's liking, she took care to deck me, to make me see company, and to take me abroad. She took an inordinate pride in that beauty which God had formed me. Several suitors offered to me; but as I was not yet twelve, my father would not listen. I shut myself up alone every day to read.

What proved effectual to gain me over entirely to God for a time, was that a cousin passed by our house, going on a mission to Cochin, China. I happened to be taking a walk with my companions, which I seldom did. At my return he was gone. They gave me an account of his sanctity, and the things he had said. I was so touched, I was overcome with sorrow. I cried all the rest of the day and of the night.

I immediately applied myself to every part of my duty. I became so changed I would not for ever so much have had the least slip, and God did me the favor to enable me to conquer myself in many things. There were left only some remains of passion. As soon as I had given any displeasure, even to the domestics, I begged their pardon, to subdue my wrath and pride. Wrath is the daughter of pride. A person truly humble suffers nothing to put him in a rage. Pride dies last in the soul. Passion is last destroyed in the outward conduct. A soul thoroughly dead to self, finds nothing of rage left.

There are persons who, filled with the unction of grace, and a tranquil peace, at the entrance of the resigned path of light and love, think they are come thus far. But they are greatly mistaken. There often arises in them certain motions of anger, but the sweetness of grace holds them back by a secret violence. They would easily transgress, if they gave way to these motions. There are persons who think themselves mild, because nothing thwarts them. Of such I am not speaking; for the mildness which has ...

... kind of service. I performed the most menial offices unperceived by him, when the servants were not at hand; as well to mortify myself as to pay due honor to what Christ said, that He came not to be ministered to, but to minister. When he made me read to him, I read with such heartfelt devotion he was surprised.

My cousin, a niece of my father, who lived with us, helped to support me in good sentiments. Her fortune being equal neither to her birth or her virtue, she did with affection what her condition obliged her to. My mother grew jealous, fearing I should love her too well. My cousin fell ill; mother took that occasion to send her home, a stroke to my heart, and that grace which began to dawn in me.

Though my mother acted thus, she was a virtuous woman. God permitted it for my exercise. She was most charitable. She not only gave away the surplus, but even the necessities of the house. Never were the needy neglected. She sometimes gave the last penny, though she had so large a family to maintain, yet did not fail in her faith.

My mother's only care about me had been to have me in the house, one material point for a girl. And this habit of being so constantly within, proved of great service after my marriage.

After my cousin left I continued some time in sentiments of piety. God granted me the grace to forgive those who out of envy, traduced me; and I spoke well of them as occasions offered. I was enabled to suffer with resignation and patience, so long as I continued the practice of mental prayer.

Nearly a year after we went to the country. My father took with us one of his relations, an accomplished young gentleman. He had a great desire to marry me; but father, who had resolved not to give me to any near kinsman, put him off. As this young gentleman was devout, and every day said the office of the Virgin; I said it with him; and to have time for it, left off prayer, which was the first inlet of evil.

I became cold towards God. All my old faults revived, to which I added excessive vanity. The love I began to have for myself, extinguished in me the love of God. Oh, my God, if the value of prayer were but known, the great advantage to the soul from conversing with Thee, everyone would be assiduous in it. It is a strong hold into which the enemy cannot enter. He may attack it, besiege it, make a noise about its walls; but while we are faithful, he cannot hurt us.

Let the poor come, let the ignorant and carnal come, let the children without reason or knowledge come, let the dull or hard hearts which can retain nothing come to the practice of prayer, and they shall become wise. Come to this Fountain of all good, without complaining to weak and impotent creatures, who cannot help you; come to prayer; lay before God your troubles, beg His grace—and above all, that you may love Him.

I forsook the Fountain of living water when I left off prayer. I became as a vineyard exposed to pillage, whose hedges torn down give liberty to all to ravage it. I began to seek in the creature what I had found in God. He left me to myself, because I first left Him; ... me to ...

... whilst I continued to read, so that I almost lost the habit of sleeping. I was ever eager to get to the end of the book, in hopes of finding something to satisfy a craving I found within; but the thirst for reading only increased the more I read. These books are strange inventions to destroy youth; for if they caused no other hurt that the loss of precious time, is not that too much?

Meanwhile, through Thy abundant mercy, O my God, Thou didst knock at the door of my heart. I was often penetrated with lively sorrow and shed abundance of tears. I was afflicted to find my state so different from what it was when I enjoyed Thy sacred presence; but my tears were fruitless and my grief vain. I could not of myself get out of this wretched state. When I tried I only sunk the deeper, and each attempt only made me see my own impotence, and rendered me more afflicted.

Oh, how much compassion has this sad experience given me for sinners, as it taught me why so few of them emerge from the miserable state into which they have fallen. The devil is outrageous against prayer, and those who exercise it; because he knows it is the means of taking his prey from him. He lets us undergo all the austerities we will. But no sooner does one enter into a spiritual life, a life of prayer, but he must prepare for strange crosses; as all manner of persecutions and contempts in this world are reserved for that life.

I loved to hear anyone speak of God, and would never tire of the conversation. When my father spoke of Him, I was transported with joy; and when he and my mother went on any pilgrimage, and were to set off early in the morning, I either did not go to bed or hired the girls to wake me early. My father's conversation at such times was of divine matters, which afforded me the highest delight. I loved the poor and was charitable, even whilst so faulty. How strange may this seem to some, and how hard to reconcile things so opposite.

(To be continued.)

"Are you prepared to die?" asked Capt. Taylor to an old lady, over 80 years of age, while she was out collecting. The irate old lady replied, "When I want anyone to talk to me I will send for you. The idea of you insulting a decent woman in her own house," and with that she beat a hasty retreat, leaving Captain in sole possession of the kitchen. Captain waited awhile for her, "but she never returned."

LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!

ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST would do well to write to Territorial Headquarters for information. We can offer most reliable security with interest for large or small sums. Full particulars can be had from MAJOR SMEETON, Corner James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

Gleanings

From the Editor's Desk.

Books for Study.

Next to the Bible, every soldier should not only read, but study "Doctrines of the S. A.," and every officer, "Rules and Regulations for Field Officers." The General, in a recent council, said:

"If we could only get our regulations read, thought over and worked out, we should shake the world."

Faithful Servants.

"One hundred and forty-four gold crosses were last year distributed by the Empress Agusta among as many German servant girls who had each continued for forty years in the employ of one family."

The above clipping shows that there are still faithful servants who serve on account of faithful affection for their masters, and not for what "they can get out of it," as seems the rule nowadays.

Wanted—Potatoes!

That smiling lassie, Ensign Soper, informs us that she never gets any potatoes given, and hardly ever butter or eggs for the Rescue Home. She thought some of the officers and soldiers could bring a quantity of these fruits when they come to the Toronto October meetings. Will you do it?

Dispensed with God.

France having banished the name of God from certain school-books, says The Advance, has now decided to erase recognition of God from her coins. It is said that the director of French coinage has ordered the omission in future from all coins of the motto, "Dieu portege France."—"May God protect France."

May it be the glorious privilege of our S. A. forces in France to awaken the French to the fact that greater recognition of God in the home and government is needed to make her truly great.

St. Johns All Right.

Adjt. Dowell, of St. Johns I., Nfld., writes encouragingly, "God is helping us here. Thirty-six souls have got converted since our arrival. The War Crys are all sold every week and things are looking grand. We are having a packed house every night."

Good Results.

A few facts and figures with regard to the work in Newfoundland may be interesting. The first corps was opened twelve years ago. To-day we have 42 corps and 100 outposts, with nearly 3,000 soldiers and recruits, and 190 officers. The Junior work consists of 116 companies, with 157 teachers. We conduct also ten day schools by certified teachers, who are Salvationists. The Social work is equally progressive. In seven months 42,000 meals were served and nearly 4,000 beds supplied. The number of free meals given is 4,525, representing a value of $277.85. The Slum work has also been vigorously pushed. Nearly 2,000 hours have been spent in visiting 3,000 houses, 236 sick and dying persons have been attended to and considerable financial help has been given to the destitute.—S.

War Cry Appreciated.

A faithful friend and subscriber renews his subscription and informs us of his residence being too distant from any barracks to allow him frequent attendance; still, he is being kept by God, and he says, "The Cry is such a blessing to me. I have never missed reading one in the last two years."

Lighthouse.

Ensign Burrows, of the Lighthouse, is especially preparing some rooms to accommodate soldiers with lodgings during the October meetings, and will also have a special dining room to provide meals. This will afford soldiers from outside corps, who have no friends in the city, an opportunity to obtain at a very reasonable rest board and lodgings during the Congress. Officers also, who are billeted a long way from the centre of the city, will be able to obtain excellent meals at the Lighthouse at a small cost.

HIS OXEN SAVED HIS LIFE.

Mr. C. W. Herbert, of Rumney, N. H., went recently to the meadow to get his cows, a pair of oxen and a large bull. The bull attacked him, inflicting a severe wound with his horns, tossed him in the air three times and probably would have killed him had not both the oxen come to his relief, and attacking the bull enabled him to escape.

No case could be better vouched for than this. Mr. Herbert had always treated his oxen kindly and in his hour of need they saved his life.

By L. W. MUNHALL.

One night I preached upon the story of Noah and the ark. I called attention to the salient points of the narrative, and showed how they clearly and forcibly symbolized the essential things of salvation throught Jesus Christ. I then tried to picture to the minds of my hearers the situation when the ark was finished and about to be occupied. I had Noah and his sons standing by the doorway watching the animals that were to be saved as they approached and entered the ark. I called attention to the distinguishing characteristics of some ten or more of these animals, and then, by analogy, showed how these characteristics were true to the unsaved.

The giraffe represents a tall sinner; the elephant, a great sinner; the horse, a teachable sinner; the donkey, a stubborn sinner; the sheep, a submissive sinner; the fox, a sly sinner; the weasel, a slippery sinner; the chameleon, a changeable sinner, etc. I showed how these animals must enter the ark in order to be saved, as sinners, of all kinds, must look to Jesus for salvation.

When all these animals were in the ark, I imagined Noah as saying, "Well, boys, they are all in now, and the storm will soon be here; we had better close the ark."

Japheth said, "Father, I think I see something down the road moving this way."

"Well, my son," Noah responded, "I can see nothing; but if you think you can, run out and examine closely to make sure."

Japheth did as his father directed, and quickly returned, saying, "Father, there are two snails coming up the road."

And Noah said, "The ark cannot be closed until they are safely within."

I went on to say, "The snail represents the slow sinner. There are probably those in this audience who from childhood have intended to become Christians. You have been moving towards Christ for many years, but, oh, so slowly! Well, thank God the ark is not yet closed. Jesus still waits to save."

Just then an old, white-haired man, quite six feet tall, seated not far from the rear of the room, arose, got out into the aisle, and started towards the front. All eyes turned upon him. I ceased speaking. As he moved forward I descended from the pulpit and met him at the chancel railing. The tears were streaming down his furrowed cheeks.

As we clasped hands, he said, "My young friend, that's me. I'm a snail—a slow sinner. I am eighty-two years old; and ever since my mother, in my childhood, taught me of Jesus, I have been coming to Him. I do want to get into the ark! Please don't close the door and leave me without! I do want to be saved!"

We fell upon our knees before God, and there remained while I tried to make plain to him the way of salvation, and until the old man got into the Ark by believing.

Ammunition.

As the flower is before the fruit, so is faith before good works. Faith is the parent of good works, and the children will bear a resemblance to the parent. Faith without works is dead. Without faith it is impossible to please God. True faith will always produce good works, so faith and hard work are united and pull together well, being indispensable in the Salvation war.

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With men it is a usual rule to try first and then to trust. With God it is contrary.

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True faith shall grow stronger and stronger, for Christ is the finisher as well as the author of faith. Any work without faith is like a fish without water—dead. It needs its element (water) for life. Imagine a man having the plans, material and the money to build a house, a railroad, or a steamship, saying, "I have no faith." Yet we have within our reach the mighty "promises of God," the "shall be's," from the Almighty, the author of the revival and salvation sought for with tears and groans in our corps and the meetings. My God increase our faith.

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Nature says "A time to sow, a time to reap." I have sometimes been worried over the sowing work, and have not rejoiced with the same joy in working the seed as at the sight and the work of the reaping. God help me to rejoice in the sowing or the ploughing. He is able to give us an abundant harvest. Can we not do the plowing, sowing and reaping in the six or twelve months at a command?

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Often when an officer or soldier has driven a nail in a sure place, instead of clinching it and securing well the advantage, he hammers away till he breaks the head off or splits the board. Should a well-aimed shot take off a limb we must not stand by and see the poor sinner bleed to death. Let us carry with us the bindings for the broken and wounded heart, as well as the sword to pierce it with. God save the wounded.

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How can we ever reap without sowing? How can we ever bind up the broken heart, without the breaking? So follows "faith and works." As works are dead without faith, so we will never reap without the sweat of plowing. If we spare the knife and give the balm before the operation is performed, we cast our pearls before swine and waste our love.

ADJT. ARCHIBALD.

For Dates of Anniversary Meetings see p. 16

Richmond Street Harvest Festival.

Rescue Refrains

FROM THE FOREST CITY.

By STAFF-CAPT. AGGIE D. COWAN.

"OH, I am so bad!" sobbed a poor lassie, who had recently came to the Home, as she buried her tear-stained face on my shoulder. Poor, wandering child! She had once known the love of Jesus, but had drifted away back on sin's current, until she knocked at the Rescue Home door, a poor outcast, alone in the world. The thought of the

awful consequences of her sin filled her mind with terror, but the other evening she knelt in one of the officers' rooms, and while we prayed, she again found Jesus. Since then she wrote to her aged parents and confessed her fall. They came and took her back home with them.

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Last Sunday ten of our girls now in situations came to see us. We are so glad that the home-tie does not break after they leave us. God's yearning love in our hearts endures as the years roll on. We feel with these dear ones in their bitter shame and humiliation—when they feel as though everyone knows—in the loneliness that follows, when the tiny form of the babe they love is taken from their bosom by death, we feel as Walt Whitman's beautiful words express it:

"Agonies are one of my changes of garments;
I do not ask the wounded person how he feels,
I myself become the wounded person."

"I am the crushed fireman with breast-bone broken,
Tumbling walls buried me in their debris,
—I hear the distinct click of their pick and shovels,
They have cleared the beams away,
They tenderly lift me forth."

We are trying to rescue them from the fire's debris. Poor broken, wounded souls.

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One dear mother, who had been in our Home six years ago, came and took tea with us the other Sunday. Her little girl, who had been in the Home when a babe, was with her. As we sang together in the deepening twilight, "Look, sinner, look, He's beckoning for thee," and "Jesus loves me, this I know," it rejoiced our hearts to hear the little sweet voice join in the singing, and the weary mother engage in prayer. We felt our labor had not been in vain.

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"It always blesses me to give," said a young "King's Daughter" the other day as she handed us 50c. Another old Army soldier called with a donation. God's blessing will be upon these givers. The people of London are so kind, and when they give gifts of food they give the best, not old things they cannot use themselves.

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"I believe the Home is doing a good work," said a gentleman yesterday, and he volunteered a donation of a nice lot of oats for our horse. God bless him.

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"Lord," said Lieut. Wood, when out collecting for Harvest Festival the other day, "I do wish You would please make someone give me a quarter. So far I have only got five and ten cent pieces." Two gentlemen each gave her a quarter. Lieutenant had many opportunities of speaking a word of cheer as she went from door to door, and sad tales of sickness, bereavement and woe were poured into her ears and heart. The people expect sympathy from a Salvationist.

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin at Gravenhurst and Orillia.

In spite of a pouring rain Gravenhurst gave their Provincial Officers a splendid reception. Capt. Wilson and Lieutenant Northcott have lost some of their best soldiers, who have gone to the lumber camps for the winter, but the faithful few are holding on. The Brigadier enrolled a couple of comrades, and also commissioned three Local Officers. The meeting went with a swing. Gravenhurst soldiers can appreciate a Brigadier's visit. The audiences were very interested in the advice given to the new Locals and in the Brigadier's talk.

It also poured down rain on the Saturday night at Orillia, consequently only a fair attendance was registered. It was not an unprofitable service though. We began the Sunday well at knee-drill. Many wept during the holiness meeting. We were all melted down, and saw ourselves from a new standpoint during the Brigadier's address. Six Local Officers were enrolled in the afternoon meeting, and William Cecil Attwell was publicly dedicated to the services of God and the Army. May he make a successful soul-saver, is the heartfelt desire of his father and mother. There was a lovely little soldiers' assembly after the meeting, when the Brigadier had a few words of instruction with the soldiers. There was considerable conviction in the night meeting when a good audience gathered. The singing of the Indians from Roma was delightful. I forgot to say that Mrs. Gaskin had her guitar at work very frequently and gave us some good solos. Finances doubled. We should all like the Brigadier to come again.—Orillian.

Major McMillan at Winnipeg.

H. F. is past and we are more than victorious. The comrades worked desperately. Major McMillian, Staff-Capt. Gage and Adjt. Cass were with us on Monday evening, helping us to sell the many gifts of vegetables and other articles the people were kind enough to give us for the extension of our work. Everything was sold off. Bro. McDonald and Bro. Patterson worked like heroes, each getting five times their target. Hallelujah! Oh, for more such workers.

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Major McMillan had charge of two meetings on Sunday. At the holiness meeting a man, much under the influence of liquor, came into our barracks. During the testimony meeting he came to the front and fell on his face crying to God to have mercy on him. After the meeting our brother was taken to the Shelter. He came again to the evening meeting, this time quite sober. When the invitation was given he once more knelt at the foot of the Cross and God heard his prayer and gave him the witness that his sins were all forgiven. Several times since he has been to the meetings, each time rejoicing in his salvation.

Mrs. Adjt. Creighton at Hamilton I.

We have every reason to report again, for God is especially good to us here. We were reinforced last week-end by Mrs. Creighton, of the T. T. G., and truly great blessing, cheer and help was brought to our hearts. It is quite evident our dear comrade is much loved in Hamilton. Had you seen the crowds that congregated to see her, both indoors and out, and see the collections they have given her, you would have been thoroughly convinced that her visit was a useful one to the Kingdom and Hamilton. We had the joy of seeing TWO precious souls seek salvation.—W. G. W.

Major Collier in the Moncton District

The Chancellor has just given us a week-end. Moncton corps was the scene of action for the Sunday. The H. F. was rather poorly attended, but those present received a blessing. That holiness meeting was a gem. The Chancellor spoke on the lack of interest manifested in meetings, and the work in general, also the small spiritual results. One comrade, who at one time was a power for good, but who had been losing ground of late, consecrated himself to God, and a backslider of many years standing returned to the fold. Both volunteered. FOUR more sought God at night, three of these also volunteered, the husband of one said that he would soon follow his wife. With the new barracks, Moncton should move.

The Chancellor and D. O. did the meeting at Sackville on the Monday night. A good crowd was present, we had a good meeting, and the comrades were much cheered. We also gave them a lift with the H. F. sale.—Densmore.

A Gambler's Story.

CHAPTER XXI.

LITTLE FOXES.

THE next year and a half sped by astonishingly. During that time two things alone troubled Charley. The first one was that although he longed to enter the Army work, he was conscientiously unable to do so by means of the fact, that a portion of his monthly salary was undeniably necessary to the comfort of his family in the old home. The second trouble was the thought that though Sher. was in every respect kindly, he could not often be got to attend Army meetings.

It was not until three years later that Charley learned the truth of this persistent course of refusal of Sher.'s part. Sher. was truly convicted to be a soldier of the Salvation Army before his friend was, but the mere thought of the publicity it would bring him, and the certainty that ere long it would inevitably bring about an exposure of the dark page of his career, had turned him sick. For this reason then, that it made him unhappy to attend the Army meetings, feeling as he did, he kept aloft as much as possible.

Then, too, one sad disagreement existed frankly between the friends. Since entering the Army, Charley had become convinced of the wrong his tender heart had betrayed him into, when he had insisted upon Sher.'s keeping his past secret from his employers, while Sher. himself wished to speak.

Over this knotty point the friends had several pretty sharp discussions, but Sher. now maintained his position and Charley felt sorrowfully that by his own former attitude he had given Sher. right to argue as he did.

Alas! for the little foxes! The sad feature of all compromise with wrong is, that it necessarily weakens the entire character and thus cripples the power of spiritual resistance.

It happened thus. Sheridan in a common-place way became acquainted with a young woman, Miss Gore. He had no intention to cultivate her acquaintance, but his somewhat strained relation with Charley unconsciously made him take her, to some extent, into his confidence, which led her to believe that he took a deeper interest in her than Sheridan actually did. Charley, being disinterested, saw the danger and advised Sher. to inform Miss Gore that he was a married man, explaining his situation.

Sher. laughed, not admitting the necessity of that step, but really thinking only of the humiliation it would mean to him. Thus the friends were a little more estranged.

Nearly a year went by uneventfully, when, by a peculiar accident, Miss Gore allowed an unguarded remark to escape which disclosed with startling suddenness to Sher. that what he treated as a pleasant friendship had been construed quite differently by the girl, and the feeling on her part had grown to a deep-rooted affection.

A sickly shudder crept over Sher. at this discovery. He was forced to explain his position, but since it had been Kitty had obtained a divorce, she did not consider that a hindrance and expressed herself freely to that effect.

What was Sher. to do? He certainly did not love the girl, and he had the bitter knowledge what a marriage without deep, ay, and godly love must be; but he could not but be touched by her love—so palpably genuine and spontaneous that it expressed itself thus in defiance of both conversionality and his past. He felt, nevertheless, in his soul that having failed of his duty to Kittie, he was in no moral sense relieved of his obligations to her by the divorce she had procured.

During from that night, followed a period of months of unrest, disturbance, fear and haggard doubt. God knew he had not sought the love of Mary Gore, yet all unsought it had come to him. God knew that he was minded to be faithful to his troth and his sense of honor, yet how could he be called an honest man who blights a maid's heart with love and then leaves her?

Look which way he would, he saw only confusion and probable sorrow. For a long time he said nothing on the subject to Charley, but as time went on and he saw himself occupying in the girl's heart the position of an accepted lover, his own heart so failed him that he turned at last to Charley for counsel.

What Charley thought and said may readily be imagined. Anything was better than a deliberate, wilful sin; better a thousand times to break poor Mary Gore's heart now, by leaving her, than break both their hearts and perhaps destroy both their souls by entering upon a marriage that he believed would dishonor God. Again and again Sheridan was minded to tell Mary it must not be, but again in her presence, the villainy of his past carelessness in winning her love unsought arose to confound him.

CHAPTER XXII.

UNTEMPERED MORTAR.

Now, Sheridan had been accustomed, since his contact with the English physician at Alexandria, to look upon himself as a Christian, and during the three years he had now been with Charley, the principles of Christianity had so instilled themselves in his soul that he knew it was detrimental to one's peace of mind to over-rule conscience. He was convinced that to marry Mary Gore without deeper or tenderer attachment to her than was the case would be a deliberate wrong to the girl and an affront to God.

Yet this miserable uncertainty could go on no longer. Sher. had a long time ago received news of his wife's triumph in the divorce court, and had also learned that Kittie's suitor, the well-to-do-merchant, had after all failed to marry her. Sher.'s present affairs having come to their critical point, Charley made a last earnest attempt to end the strain which was sapping the peace from his friend's renewed manhood. That which seemed to Charley the only right, was this: Since Sheridan would of his own motion never have proposed marriage with Mary Gore, or any other woman; since he felt in his own case that divorce did not absolve him from the moral claim he had years ago forced upon Kittie; since the position into which he had so carelessly drifted was at once untenable to his conscience and intolerable to his peace, why should he not end all his perplexities by seeking his wife out and re-marrying her? So should he honorably dissolve all his entanglements.

Sheridan pondered this suggestion and prayed about it. There was a little pleasure in the thought of resuming the old life with Kittie; yet to do so would effectually declare to Mary Gore the impossibility of his ever marrying her.

It was no light decision to which he came when at last he determned to write Kittie, laying himself, his condition and prospects honestly before her, and asking her if she would again marry him and give him the opportunity to show her the duty and honor he pledged her. It was not much of a love-letter; yet it breathed an air of sincerity, that he was not without hope would appeal to Kittie.

Kittie wrote to him almost immediately. "Marry you again!" she wrote. "Why, we should quarrel like cat and dog! Of course, I know we used to think we were in love with each other, but that was ages ago, when we were nothing but a pair of kids, and we know better now. Besides that, I'm married already, and have been these two years, to an awfully swell fellow, good looking and with lots of the long green."

Sheridan began to lose heart. This incident stirred him with countless recollections that gradutily re-awoke in him the old fatal plea of destiny and man's helplessness. Although he did not cast away God as a useless myth, yet he did come to consider that man's fate was arbitrarily foreordained of God and that it was useless to strive against it.

(To be Continued.)

HURRAH FOR SELKIRK!

Praise God for victory! Our H. F. target reached and $35 over. The soldiers all worked hard. Sister Aikens is our champion beggar, while Sister Gibbs came not far behind. Bro. Aikens made a splendid auctioneer and our sale was a decided success. Tuesday night we finished up our H. F. with cake and coffee. Thursday night we had a meeting and ONE soul in the Fountain.—Lieut. M. Connell.

ST. JONHS I.—If souls getting saved is a sure sign of development, then we must be somewhere on the up line. Yesterday was a day of toil and battle, but not without its victories. Last night we captured TWELVE precious souls, all young men and women. All except one, found deliverance and testified to that blessed fact. Adjt. and Mrs. Dowell is at home among us, and their earnestness helps us to believe for victory.—Capt. E. Hiscock.

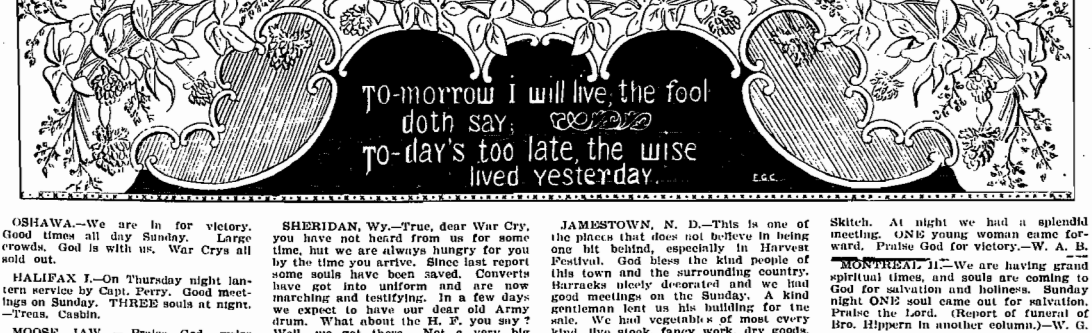
ST. CATHARINES.—We are not dead nor sleeping. Since last report ONE prodigal returned home (used to be a W. C. boomer). We are in for the boom. Everything is completed. Ensign Fox has the map of the city drawn out. It is a beauty, and he deserves credit for it. We are raising our order also. St. Catharines means to do her part in the Paper War. Sunday rain prevented us going to the Park.—Home Guard, J. B. Beall.

ST. GEORGE'S, Ber.—"Salvation under canvas," is the order of the day. The Salvation Army tent was pitched at St. David's Island first. The meetings, which were much enjoyed, were carried on mostly by the Naval and Military League, led on by Brigade Sergeant Howe. Now the tent is at St. George's, and we are doing all the damage we can to the devil's kingdom. Bermuda soldiers are good "hot weather soldiers." God bless them.—Kate Welch and Annie Young.

NEW WHATCOM, Wash.—Brigadier Howell and a remnant of the famous Washington Marine Band paid us a visit on Friday. A political convention being held the same day, there was a very large crowd at the afternoon and evening open-airs, who listened attentively and gave liberally. We had the largest crowd in the hall since the Commissioner's visit. Finances for the day excellent, $18. ONE soul Saturday night.—Etta Aikens, Corps Cor.

ST. JOHN III.—We give God all the glory for the way He is helping us. Our H. F. is ever and we can report victory, going over our target. The fighting during the summer months has been kind of hard, yet God has been with us. While there has not been as many souls as we would like to see, still we can rejoice over a few returning to God. Capt. Clark, who has been with us for a short time, is leaving us. While he goes home for a rest we pray God will strengthen him in body and soul. We also pray that God will bless the coming officer.—M. Chandler.

GLACE BAY has just celebrated its annual Harvest Festival, which was a success. The procession with special torches made for the occasion, both bands of the soldiers in special uniform, headed by two bands—the Orange Band of the town and Dominion Town Band—was the best, and collected the largest crowd of people together known here for years; in fact, some said it beat anything they ever saw in the town. Both bands deserve credit for the excellent music given. We are greatly indebted to them for their kindness in helping to make our Harvest Festival such a success. Of course we reached our target, and the people gave good money for what they bought at the sale.—J. Bowering, Capt.



OSHAWA.—We are in for victory. Good times all day Sunday. Large crowds. God is with us. War Crys all sold out.

HALIFAX I.—On Thursday night lantern service by Capt. Perry. Good meetings on Sunday. THREE souls at night. —Treas. Casbin.

MOOSE JAW. — Praise God, we're marching on. Harvest Festival target reached. Having good times in the corps. —J. H. Middagh, R. C.

GODERICH.—Sunday welcome meeting blessed of God. Crowds and income increased, and TWO souls knelt at Jesus feet.—T. Ford Baker, Capt.

LISTOWEL.—Yesterday a good day. Open-air meetings largely attended. Town officials wanted us to move Saturday night, but we stood firm. Threatened to run us in, but it ended in that. Good times all round.

TREDFORD.—Sunday, meetings good. Capt. Bentley farewelled at night, after a brave fight of three months. Her straightforward and godly life has endeared her to us. God-speed to her.—Thos. Ford, R. C.

SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I.—Our H. F. target of $40. Praise God for victory. Great credit is due our noble soldiers, who helped in this effort. We are doing our best in this place to lead souls to the feet of Jesus.—Lottie McLean, Capt.

FARGO, N. D.—We are still rolling the old chariot along. The devil has a strong hold here. ONE soul saved. We have had our War Crys raised 25 and all sold out. Praise God!—Matt M. Stables, R. C.

PALMERSTON.—Not dead yet, although little done for a long time. Last Sunday ONE soul knelt at the penitent-form and others were almost persuaded to yield. Victory is sure to come.—Scott Cowan, Treas.

VICTORIA, B. C.—Welcomed Adjt. and Mrs. Barr, also Capt. Stone, to the Shelter. God bless them. Meetings are improving. Harvest Festival looms up. Target? Why of course we'll get our target. This is Victoria.—M. L.

OMEMEE.—We had with us on Saturday and Sunday Ensign Taylor and Capt. Lott. Good meetings. Also had a sermon from the girl that was always good. Lord help the sinner to get away from that not-to-night devil.—Reg. Cor.

DILLON, Mont.—We had splendid meetings all day. God spoke to many hearts. Four consecrated themselves to God. ONE soul in the Fountain. Cadet Harry Brown farewelled for the Field. We are believing for a harvest of souls here. —Sergt. Van Camp.

SUMMERSIDE.—There was a hot time in the old town last night, when we welcomed Brigadier Margetts back to spend a short time with us. The Brigadier is one of the old Eastern warriors. We had a beautiful meeting, although no one saved.—Mattie Gamble, Reg. Cor.

SYDNEY, C. B.—Although you have not heard from us for a long time, yet we are neither dead nor have we backslidden. Capt. Pitman arrived last week to help on the war. Our crowds are good, and finances coming up fine. Prospects good for H. F. Believing for souls.—Yours to fight, Ensign Penney.

MISSOULA, Mont.—Last Friday and Saturday we had an ice cream cool-off. Net proceeds, $26. There was much rejoicing in our meeting a few nights ago over ONE young man who came out for pardon. Praise God! Adjt. Walton, from the Helena Rescue Home, is with us this week.—J. H. Frost, Reg. Cor.

RAT PORTAGE.—Our Harvest Festival was a sweeping victory. Adjt. Gale went about it in a very systematic way. Although the weather was against us, "Faith, mighty faith," won. The town was laid out in wards. Targets were given to officers, Cadets, sisters, brothers, and Juniors. All hit their targets, and over, except the sisters. Cheer up. The sale of goods went off good. Each target had its proper stall of goods, sold their own. Afterwards all the remaining things were put together and auctioned off by the Adjutant. Consequence, target all smashed to smitherines.—H. Kreiger, Cadet.

SHERIDAN, Wy.—True, dear War Cry, you have not heard from us for some time, but we are always hungry for you by the time you arrive. Since last report some souls have been saved. Converts have got into uniform and are now marching and testifying. In a few days we expect to have our dear old Army drum. What about the H. F. you say? Well, we got there. Not a very big target, but taking everything into consideration, we have achieved a grand victory, with the help of our dear comrades who worked well. This being the baby corps, we feel that we are growing quite big. We have some real kind friends here, and we are praying and believing that soon they will become real Blood-and-Fire soldiers of the Cross. —Capt. Florie Southall, and Lieut. Ida Gain.

KINMOUNT.—Conscience says, write and let it be known we are still about our Master's business. There are some faithful comrades to be found in this back country. We have a good faithful Sergeant-Major. His concertina is a great help to us. He often takes the Captain around the circle. There are some soldiers who make it a practice to give one-tenth to the Lord of all their income. These comrades never lack. Oh, that many more would do likewise. We find our time well employed, as our circle covers a large amount of ground. Bro. Beltrey has children's meetings every Sunday at Letterworth. We are all determined to be faithful to our colors. We were greatly blessed at knee-drill. It is the first one we had for some time We are in for a mighty revival. Pray for us at the Hub.—Pat Watkins, R. C.

JAMESTOWN, N. D.—This is one of the places that does not believe in being one bit behind, especially in Harvest Festival. God bless the kind people of this town and the surrounding country. Barracks nicely decorated and we had good meetings on the Sunday. A kind gentleman lent us his building for the sale. We had vegetables of most every kind, live stock, fancy work, dry goods, etc. Rev. Mr. Phillips was present on the Monday night. Juniors served ice cream and cake. Tuesday night finished up sale, and the Adjutant with her noble band of lassie warriors not only served ice cream and cake, but had hot coffee for any who preferred it. Large crowds. Everybody delighted that we came on the top of the ladder, leaving our H. F. target behind. We give God the glory and fight on.—Triforia.

HELENA, Mont.—The good work accomplished by the officers who toiled so faithfully with us for almost a year, is steadily going forward. Our new officers do not drag on behind either. God bless their efforts. The Harvest Festival target has been reached. The barracks has been nicely painted and papered and renovated. All has been accomplished in the face of serious obstacles. Glad to report a number of conversions. Glorious meetings all day Sunday.—E. H. Wickersham.

LETHBRIDGE, Alberta.—God has blessed our efforts this week by giving us THREE souls. Although we are only two months old, we have a nice band of warriors and will back them against any for sticking to their knees and praying. We have a hallelujah carpenter, harness-maker, breakman, blacksmith and miners, cowboys, and last but not least is Grandma Wallace, who is sixty-nine years old and comes to five meetings Sunday, and every night in the week, always to be found at her post. We have raised our War Crys and intend to boom. Bro. Rosine has been appointed R. C. for here, so look out for reports from the N. W. baby corps. We expect an enrollment soon, also a visit from our Major.—Annie Hurst, Capt.

HALIFAX II.—I fancy a kind of anxious feeling prevailed among other comrades besides ourselves about reaching our H. F. target of $65, but after lots of hard work and prayer, a total of $70 was counted out. We give Jesus the glory. Between Ensign Perry and Sergt.-Major Mills the auctioneering business was performed in good style. Who ever heard of cabbage going, going, gone, for 15c. per head. ONE soul for the week. Ensign Perry held a good lantern service Wednesday, entitled "On the verge."—Capt. and Mrs. Thompson.

CAMPBELLFORD.—Sunday was a good day. In the afternoon we had a very successful temperance meeting. A large crowd gathered to hear the speakers, Rev. Mr. Peak, Mr. Abbornethy, and Mr. Skitch. At night we had a splendid meeting. ONE young woman came forward. Praise God for victory.—W. A. B.

MONTREAL II.—We are having grand spiritual times, and souls are coming to God for salvation and holiness. Sunday night ONE soul came out for salvation. Praise the Lord. (Report of funeral of Bro. Hippern in another column.)—W. G.

LARIMORE, N. D.—Large crowds at the meetings and in open-air. Praise God for victory. We are winners, the target is hit, $115. God is blessing the work here. May His blessing always rest on Larimore.—C. DeHaven, Sergt.

GRAVENHURST.—Hallelujah! Our H. F. target got hit in the bull's-eye and is knocked out of sight. Last Sunday TWO souls got saved at knee-drill and ONE at night. Powerful meetings. People under deep conviction. Praise God!—F. Tindle, Cor.

MINNEDOSA.—Victory! Harvest Festival over. Reached our target. Ensign H. F. Tooke was with us H. F. Sunday. Good meetings all day. God is working in our midst, and we are praying and believing that God is going to save many souls.—Cadet Hector C. Habkirk.

LISBON, N. D.—Harvestival is past. People have been very kind. Captain Westacott, Lieut. Anderson and two comrades went to neighboring towns. We held meetings and collected for our target. Meetings good. Many impressed deeply.—Cora Russell.

PORT HOPE.—Since last report we have had Ensign Sims with us for Sunday and Monday. Good meetings. ONE soul. Praise God! Cand. Symonds had said Good-bye and gone to the Training Garrison. God bless Candidate and make her a real soul-winner, is our prayer.—Annie Brown, R. C.

MINOT, N. D.—Harvest Festival over; smashed our target all to pieces. Thank God! And we are still going on to victory. Yesterday we had a good day—soldiers blessed, sinners convicted, but they would not yield. We are not discouraged, but fight and shall win.—A. Graham, Capt.

CLINTON.—Capt. Keeler has gone home on a much-needed rest. May the Lord strengthen him in body, is our prayer. We had beautiful times on Sunday all day. At night Adjt. Moore, who is home on furlough, read the lesson. We had good crowds and the largest collection recorded for a long time.—P. A. Copeman, Lieut.

PARRY SOUND.—We are advancing. Juniors' excursion successful. Harvest Festival target clean out of sight. Ice cream social and temperance meeting on Wednesday night, good. Finances splendid. Open-air meetings grand. Sunday TWO souls for salvation. War Crys sold out. The devil's kicking, but "we never, never, never will give in, no we won't."—J. H. and M. H., C. O's.

COLLINGWOOD.—Our Harvest Festival is over and our target hit. We might have done better had our soldiers all been home. Great credit is due our officers in the way they worked, and, to finish up, gave us plumb pudding, ice cream and lemon pie, which excelled anything we have ever had. God is blessing us here.—William Clark, C. C., for Capt. Clink.

LINDSAY.—A change is as good as a rest. On Sunday our officers, Ensign Taylor and Capt. Lott, changed over with Omemee officers, Capt. Nelson and Lieut. Marshall. A very good day was spent at both places. Omemee is an old battleground of Ensign Taylor and Capt. Lott; doubtless they were glad to have another opportunity of seeing their old comrades and friends. At Lindsay, keep believing, the spiritual thermometer is rising.—A. Moore, S.-M.

COBOURG.—I have just been around my District. At Trenton captured a Free Methodist preacher and his wife to assist us in our meetings. He gave us a straight talk on holiness. Brighton reached after a ten-mile walk. War Crys sold. Soul blessed. Very good meeting. Lieutenant Butcher is holding on here. He is a lad that is in full stretch for soul winning power. Home again after fourteen miles more walk. Happy and full of fight.—H. C. Kendall.

CAPTAIN MILLER AND LIEUTENANT KRELL, PACIFIC PROVINCE.

PARIS.—We have just said good-bye to our Lieutenant, who has fought by our side for a few weeks. We have also welcomed Lieut. Burrows, who is going to assist in the fight. Our old friend, Lieut. Peers, was with us for Sunday. He is still whacking at the devil. Another old friend and faithful warrior was with us, Mrs. Capt. Willis, of Uncle Sam's domain (nee, Capt. Vincent). We were glad to see her and to know she is still fighting. Meetings outside and in were good Sunday. Good collections. Soldiers happy. Sinners uneasy. ONE prodigal returned to the fold. Onward, is our motto.—Wm. McLauchlin, R. C.

ST. ALBANS.—On Sept. 8th, Capt. Wilson and Lieut. Crego, accompanied by the Sergeant-Major and a Junior, held a meeting at Guosburg Falls. Bro. Harvey, a resident soldier, had made preparations and had advertised well. A large crowd gave good attention to the open-air. The M. E. Church, which was kindly loaned for the occasion, was well filled with an attentive audience. Many friends expressed their appreciation of the effort and gave generously in the collection. It was stated there had been present people who had not been to church for years.—A. C. Brewer.

H. F. VICTORIES

IN THE WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE

CHAMPIONS.

Staff Officer (male) Adjt. Archibald, Brantford, $15.
Staff Officer (female) Ensign Collett, Strat'd, $23.30.
Field Captain (male) Capt. Slote, Ingersoll, $32.75.
Field Captain (female) Capt. Hellman, London, $25.
Lieutenant (male) Lieut. Baird, Listowel, $36.
Lieutenant (female) Lieut. Blodgett, Berlin, $22.50.

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To LIEUT. BAIRD belongs the honor of being the champion collector of the Province.

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The Juniors of Ingersoll, under S.-M. Kennedy and Mrs. Moyer, topped the Junior list for the Province, raising the magnificent sum of $47.75.

* * * *

DISTRICT TOTALS.

Brantford (Adjt. Archibald)	$337.00
London (Staff-Capt. Phillips) ..	438.03
Stratford (run from P.H.Q.) ..	225.50
Petrolia (Ensign Ottaway)	289.85
Chatham (Adjt. Hughes)	171.00
Dresden (Ensign Allen)	137.50
Palmerston (Ensign Orchard)..	214.00
Simcoe (Adjt. Myles)	170.00
Windsor (Ensign McHarg)	210.80
	2,224.05
Rescue Home	26.00
Shelter	10.00
Grand total clear of expenses..	$2,250.05

* * * *

BRANTFORD, under Adjt. Archibald, went nicely over the target of $80. The officers collecting between them over $40.

BERLIN'S target of $75 was reached. How could it be otherwise with Ensign Dean, that heroine of finance, in command? not forgetting Lieut. Blodgett, who did her part well. The officers here got together over $40 in cash.

GALT. "So you smashed your target, Ensign?" we said when we saw her in for the councils. "That's what I was there for," she answered. Very matter of fact is Ensign Scott, but targets of any kind or for any amount are safe in her hands.

HESPELER did $5 over target, and was one of the first to send it in. Good, Capt. Barker.

GUELPH made a brave fight and raised $33.35.

PARIS officers worked hard and did well with $26.

BLENHEIM. Capt. Hodlmott, the mighty man of sermons, is stationed here, so of course they raised the amount given them. Lieut. Bonny deserves praise for the way he had things arranged for commencing the fight before the Captain got back from his rest.

CHATHAM. Capt. Young pushed the battle through right manfully in the unavoidable absence of Adjt. Hughes, and arrived at the Provincial Headquarters about the middle of the week with a smiling face and the full amount in his pocket. Good YOUNG man.

RIDGETOWN, under Capt. McLeod, raised over their target (a good portion of it in grain) and to this officer belongs the honor of being the first in.

TILBURY. The dates were a little early for this part, as the farmers had not threshed. Nevertheless, Capt. Jarvis scored $25.

DRESDEN. Ensign Allen, that little bunch of pluck from the East, is here, assisted by Capt. Gibson, who doesn't say much but thinks more. Of course they went up to their mark, and conquered it. $50 is a fine thing for Dresden.

WALLACEBURG. Mrs. Major Cooper deserves great credit for the way she steered her ship, with Lieut. Pickle ably assisting, not forgetting the two little Cadets, Grace and Faith. Well, a strong pull altogether brought in the grand amount of $60, being $10 to the good. Congratulations, Mrs. Cooper.

BOTHWELL. The officer here, Capt. Dowell, says he is not easily moved, but it looks as if he can move something, for he scraped together by sheer hard work the sum of $27. 50, $2.50 more than was allotted to him. Mrs. Sergt. Graham, Thamesville, did nobly with $9. Bravo, Bothwell.

INGERSOLL. Capt. Slote arrived at P. H. Q. looking very serious, as if he had something on his mind. "How did you do for H. F.?" we inquired. "Not fair," said he. "We could have done better if the threshing had been over." "Did you reach your target?" "Y-e-s." "How much was it?" "$75, and we got $97.75," said he, breaking into a laugh as he saw how startled we were. We forget whether we patted his broad shoulders or not. We meant to, anyway. The Junior Local Officers did well, and the hall was finely decorated. I guess Mrs. Slote helped too, though she is too modest to say so.

LONDON. Adjt. and Mrs. Coombs were handicapped by being called away the week before H. F. dates, to the dying bed of Mrs. Coombs' mother, but Capt. Hellman worked night and day—collecting in the day time, and working far into the night making articles to sell. However, they got there and one dollar over, making a total of $151.

ST. THOMAS. The new barracks here must have had a good effect on the H. F. for the officers and soldiers raised the highest amount over target of any corps in the Province, the grand total being $140.75. The band (and don't you forget it) raised $14.75, while Mrs. Martin collected $14, and other soldiers deserve mention also. Good for Capt. Freeman.

STRATHROY, under Capt. Huntingdon, climbed up to $56. $10 of which was realized on mottoes made by the Captain. This meant a lot of plod and push, the Captain being all alone.

WATFORD did what was required of them right nobly. No less than sixty-three dozen eggs being collected and sold to the packing factory.

DRAYTON. The officers here worked hard amid difficulties, and deserves great praise.

PALMERSTON, where the noted Capt. Fell holds the reins, surpassed themselves. The officers collecting $35, and one soldier $12. Altogether the $60 mark was reached, in spite of the hard times now prevailing in that part of the country.

WINGHAM. Ensign Orchard set his foot down and said that that $75 had to be got, and set out to get it. He planned and prayed, and worked and walked, we forget how many miles, in fact somebody enquired if he had met the long-lost Professor Andree on his journeyings, but suffice it to say he WON.

LISTOWELL. $70 was a staggerer, we admit, but Capt. McCutcheon and his levelheaded Lieutenant faced and demolished it, and be sure you don't forget that they had one cent over.

FOREST. Ensign Gamble, another wise woman from the East, was alone, and had untold difficulties to overcome, but she kept a brave heart and did fine, raising $39.50.

SARNIA, under Capt. Mathers and Lieut. Burrows, came sailing merrily in with the amount—$35—flying at the masthead.

WYOMING. Capt. Heater deserves great credit, as, although she raised about $40 during the summer for cleaning the barracks, yet she went in and hit her target of $35. Good little girl, Heater.

THEDFORD. Capt. Bentley was too sick to get to many meetings, yet in some marvellous way they secured $19.50. God bless them.

PETROLIA. Ensign Ottaway is a hustler on all lines, H. F. being no exception. They raised $118, which with Glen Rae's $32 makes a grand total of $150. The soldiers of Glen Rae are entitled to special mention. They did grand.

BAYFIELD had a target of $15, and reached it nobly.

GODERICH did $12.50. Quite an amount for the town.

CLINTON, where Capt. Keeler and Lieut. Copeman play, pray, and toil, had a beautiful harvest scene painted by the Captain, securing the Provincial prize for the best decorated hall. They also went $2.50 over the mark.

SEAFORTH. Capt. Cockerill in charge. The sisters here made fancy work, and the Juniors and Band of Love patched quilts. Everyone worked and reached $1.50 over the amount.

STRATFORD. $80 looked almost insurmountable, but Ensign Collett is not easily frightened, so she got there, helped by Capt. Haley and soldiers.

SIMCOE. Here it was a case of MYLES and MILES. Adjt. Myles and his secretary driving no less than 500 miles to gather up their target. They deserved to win, and they did.

TILSONBURG. Capt. Briggs is not all BRAGG, but can work and plan with the next one. The Juniors helped well. This corps raised a nice sum, considering the fact that since the Captain took charge she has had to pay off considerable debt.

NORWICH. Capt. Hollett and Lieut. Burton did their full amount, which represents a pile of toil and self-sacrifice. God bless them.

WOODSTOCK scored a fine victory, $61.15 being the total. Ensign Wakefield being without a second and Mrs. Wakefield sick, made it the more remarkable.

AMHERSTBURG. Capt. Fynn and Lieut. Jordinson got most of theirs in grain, and must have worked hard for they reached the truly wonderful figure of $41.

LEAMINGTON jumped over their $15 and $4 over. Our old comrade ex-Capt. Rutledge, who is treasurer, collected $9. Capt. Crawford and her Lieutenant are delighted.

ESSEX. Capt. Coe, though alone, led on so bravely that the target was more than doubled, $61.80 being the amount raised. Over $20 of this for grain.

WINDSOR last, but by no means least, covered their amount, $50, and came off with flying colors. Ensign McHarg and Capt. Burton led the van.

The Provincial Officer wore a perpetual smile while the state of the result was being declared, while it is not expedient to utter all the ejaculations of the Chancellor. The Cashier tried to look as cool as if he had never heard of H. F., but failed woefully. It was a grand fight and a blessed victory. Major Southall is justly proud of his troops, and so are we all. We give God all the glory, and thank all our comrades in His name.—Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips.

THE BIBLE LOOKING-GLASS. (From the British War Cry.

Choice Pillows.

When Benjamin Parsons was dying, a friend asked him, "How are you to-day?" He answered, "My head is resting very sweetly on three pillows: Infinite Power, Infinite Love, and Infinite Wisdom."

FRAGMENTS

FROM BRIGADIER SHARP'S NOTES

(On account of exhaustive reports of the Newfoundland campaign and the late date this report reached us, we were not able to give the entire notes of Brigadier Sharp.)

Thanks.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder," is true saying, one which we have experienced ourselves, and we cannot help sending a great big thank you to our beloved Field Commissioner for arranging for the Territorial Secretary to visit and spend three weeks in our midst, cheering and inspiring us on to greater victories. I am sure that the desire of her heart cannot but be fulfilled, for everyone was encouraged to go forward and fight with a greater determination, watching the details of our work more closely so that there will be less decreases to report.

Meetings.

The meetings have been very encouraging indeed. To say that each officer and soldier has been blessed by the Brigadier's talks would be putting it very mildly, for we were inspired in every meeting.

I am thoroughly convinced that the fruit of these meetings will be great. The crowds were exceptionally large for the season of the year, having full houses, and great attention was given by the congregations. Talking to quite a number they did appreciate the Brigadier's visit very much.

Souls.

The burning desire which seemed to predominate above the others was to see souls saved. In every meeting and out of the meetings the chief conversation of the Brigadier was how to get souls saved. Every place that we visited souls were crying for mercy.

Officers.

The great interest that he manifested in the officers' temporal and spiritual welfare could not help to be seen by all. Over and over again he whispered in my ear, "They are a beautiful lot; so simple, so devoted and whole-hearted, knowing nothing among people, only God and the Army."

Properties.

We have got 40 barracks, 10 Army quarters, and 28 burying grounds on this island, and the interest that the Brigadier took in finding out all the particulars of the same, plainly showed me that he was the right man in the right place.

Results.

He has endeared himself to every officer that he has come in contact with.

His straight dealing of the truth, and yet the loving way in which he did it, won the admiration of all.

The bond of confidence and love in each other has been strengthened not only in the Field, but also with regard to Territorial Headquarters. The soldiers and officers feel more than ever that we are one Army, although seas divide us, and that their leaders are interested in their welfare.

Although hundreds of our soldiers have never seen our beloved Field Commissioner, yet at the very mention of her name volleys were fired.

I am confident that great results and much good shall be accomplished through the Brigadier's visit to those corps.

We now look forward for the promised visit of our beloved Commissioner with great hope for still mightier times. Come early and stay a long time, for we are longing to see you.

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

11 Hustlers.

Cadet Sparks, St. Johns I.....	75
Ensign Moss, Grand Bank (av. 2 wks)	34
Capt. Harris, Trinity	32
Lieut. Stainsbury, St. Johns II.....	27
W. C. Sergt.-Major —, St. Johns I..	27
Sergt. Liston, St. Johns I.....	27
Sister Carter, St. Johns I.....	25
Capt. Moulton, Clarenville (av. 2 wks)	24
Lieut. Foote, St. Johns II.....	24
Capt. Bishop, St. Johns I	20
Lieut. Janes, Twillingate	20

* * * *

In reference to Windsor War Cry sales, it appears that through some mistake, Ensign Hendricks' name was put in the Honor Roll as 300 Crys sold, which led recently to a special note of comment in this column. It now transpires that it was intended in the advice from the person reporting the sales, that the officer in charge took 300 War Crys weekly, and only the subsequent names were meant to appear in the Hustlers' Column.

We take this opportunity to say, in reporting Boomers, it is best to simply head the report with "War Cry Boomers, of such and such a corps," then give names and number sold.

Harry Hustler's Happy Hunting Ground.

The Indomitable Gaskin to the Front Again with 67 Hustlers—Bennett Just 12 Behind—Newfoundland Abreast with the North-West—Two Lonely Hustlers in the Pacific.

It seems in the make-up of Gaskin to be on top, and when he made up his mind to be second to none, it had to be accomplished, even if he had to strain every vein to bursting point. It was a case of

"Win we must,
Or else we bust."

Sister Correll, of the Temple, is his champion again.

* * * *

East Ontario, although second, makes a splendid showing, with 53 hustlers, five of which sold over 100 Crys. Bennett's Mag wants a little more oats, and off she'll be after Gaskin again.

* * * *

The Eastern Star still occupies third place. Minnie Smith, of Windsor, has beaten Capt. Horwood by five sales this week.

* * * *

Our silver-tongued orator of West Ontario Province, appears with 39 Hustlers this week. He also has the Territorial Champion in Mrs. Huffman, with 225 sales. We notice our sister has been one of the most steady champions of War Cry booming.

* * * *

Good for Sharp! and if McMillan doesn't look sharp he will be flat before another week goes by. It is a fight between Scotchmen. They are even now. Who will win?

* * * *

My native charity compels me to postpone any remarks about the Pacific until next week.

* * * *

The War Cry Boom is now fairly on, and it appears that it is going to be a pretty close competition. We have seen one of the town maps, which we think will be a hard thing to beat. Who will be the happy winner of the $50 prize? We may guess, but shall not give any name until the judges have decided.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

67 Hustlers.

Sister Correll, Temple	100
Sister Pearce, Temple	80
Sister Medlock, Temple	80
Mrs. Skedden, Hamilton I	80
Lieut. Kivell, Owen Sound	79
Lieut. Copper Stroud	75
Capt. Hanna, Hamilton II	70
Ensign Fox, St. Catharines	65
Lieut. Jacgson, Oshawa	61
Capt. Cliuk, Collingwood	59
Lieut. Russell, Collingwood	59
Sergt.-Major Bowers, Lisgar St	52
Ensign Jones, Bowmanville	50
Lieut. Osler, Aurora	50
Sister Jones, Hamilton I	50
Bro. Case, Hamilton I	50
Bro. Dixon, Temple	50
Sergt.-Major Beall, St. Catharines	50
Lieut. Creig, St. Catharines	46
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	46
Lieut. Wadge, Riverside	46
Capt. J. Howcroft, Parry Sound	45
Lieut. M. Howcroft, Parry Sound	45
Lieut. Matthews, Sudbury	45
Mrs. Capt. Williams, Newmarket	45
Lieut. Cornish, Oakville	45
Cadet Winter, Richmond St	44
Capt. Brant, Dovercourt (av. 3 wks)	43
Capt. Creamer, Midland	43
Lieut. Rennie, Brampton	43
Mrs. Capt. Jones, Brampton	42
Ensign Cameron, Riverside	40
Lieut. Peacock, Yorkville	38
Sergt.-Major Bowbier, Lisgar St	36
Sister M. Murdock, Lisgar St	30
Capt. W. White, Feversham	30
Bro. Calvent, Bracebridge	30
Capt. Jones, Brampton	29
Cadet Churchill, Richmond St	28
Cadet Tivett, Richmond St	27
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Bowmanville	26
Capt. McDougall, Orillia	26
Chas. C. Gooda, Social Farm	26
Cadet Beach, Richmond St	25
Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville	25
Capt. M. Nelson, Gravenhurst	25
Lieut. M. Northcott, Gravenhurst	25
Lieut. Fisher, Uxbridge	25
Capt. Culbert, Uxbridge	25
Sergt. Cavena, Stroud	25
Sister M. Michiel, Stroud	25
Lieut. O. Pell, Stroud	25
Capt. White, Hamilton I	25
Sergt.-Major Bradly, Temple	25
Sergt.-Major Bowerman, Newmarket	25
Capt. Rose, Brooklin	25
Sister Potter, Hamilton I	22
Geo. Stanton, Hamilton I	22
Bro. Gower, Owen Sound (av. 2 wks)	22
Sergt. A. Stickells, Lisgar St	22
Sergt. M. Stickells, Lisgar St	21
Bro. Wm. Stevens, Riverside	21
Capt. Barker, Bracebridge	20
Lieut. Dalls, Bracebridge	20
Sister Harvey, Temple	20
Sister Garvie, Temple	20
Sergt.-Major Hunter, Newmarket	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

53 Hustlers.

Ensign Walker, Belleville	160
Capt. French, Peterhoro	127
Sergt. Dudley, Ottawa	120
Sergt. Perkins, Barre, Vt	115
Lieut. Yrasey, Montreal II	110
Lieut. Woods, Cornwall	90
Adjt. Goodwin, Ottawa	82
Lieut. Owen, Kemptville	80
Bro. G. Barritt, Montreal I	75
Ensign Parker, Quebec	70
Mrs. Adjt. Blackburn, Picton	62
Lieut. Norman, Quebec	60
Capt. Chappell, Deseronto (av. 2 wks)	55
Capt. LaLond, Renfrew	55
Mrs. Capt. Bearehell, Prescott	51
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	50
Mrs. Miller, Lakefield	50
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I	50
Lieut. Woods, Morrisburg	50
Adjt. Blackburn, Picton	50
Capt. Vance, Ottawa	41
Capt. Bearchell, Prescott	41
H. C. Kendall, Cobourg	44
Lieut. Dora, Deseronto	43
Lieut. Dora, Cobourg	40
Mrs. Simons, Kingston	40
Mrs. Barber, Kingston	40
Sister M. Crozier, Montreal I	40
Lieut. Butcher, Brighton	40
Capt. Batten, Odessa	40
Capt. Connors, Port Hope (av. 2 wks)	39
Lieut. Liddell, Renfrew	38
Capt. Magee, Millbrook	34
Capt. Comstock, Morrisburg	37
Adjt. McAmmond, Kingston	32
Mrs. Adjt. McAmmond, Kingston	32
Mrs. Ultine, Kingston	30
Capt. McNaney, Kingston	30
Sergt. Mattice, Cornwall	30
Capt. Williams, Port Hope (av. 2 wks	30
Sergt. Mrs. Lewis, Montreal I	30
J. S. Sergt.-Major Douglas, Cornwall	27
Mary Suddard, Kingston	26
Jessie Harris, Kingston	26
Capt. Liddell, Montreal I	25
Lieut. Hearnell, Montreal I	25
Bro. Chas. Hersey, Barre, Vt	21
Cand. Hoole, Montreal II	20
Mrs. Greene, Peterhoro	20
Mrs. Scott, Peterhoro	20
eSrgt. Root, Belleville	20
Mrs. Stermey, Picton	20
Liddie Phelps, Picton	20

EASTERN PROVINCE.

50 Hustlers.

Minnie Smith, Windsor, N. S	200
Capt. Horwood, Charlottetown	195
Lieut. Clark, Yarmouth	150
Sergt.-Major Veno, Halifax II	111
Cadet Taylor, St. John I	101
James Kelly, St. George, Ber	100
Lieut. Muttart, Woodstock, N. B	94
Cadet Hyman, Halifax I	92
Bro. C. Waggham, Charlottetown	90
Cadet Deakin, Fredericton	90
Capt. Allen, Westville	75
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III. (av. 3 wks)	73
Lieut. Hinson, Westville	67
Capt. Pitman, Sydney	61
Lieut. J. Green, St. John III. (av. 2 wks)	60
Sister C. Mereer, St. John I	58
Ensign Penny, Sydney	57
Mrs. Ensign Frazer, Spring Hill	56
Lieut. L. Selig, Carleton	55
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton	51
Bro. D. A. Vanbuskirk, Moncton	54
Sister M. Graham, Halifax I	54
Sergt. Stewart, Moncton	53
Carrie Conrad, Halifax I	52
Sister M. Holden, Windsor, N. S	50
Sergt. Irons, Windsor, N. S	50
Sister S. Pitcher, Sydney, C. B	50
Bro. J. Bartram, St. George, Ber. (av. 2 wks)	45
Sergt. Mrs. Olive, Carleton	45
Capt. Campbell, Kentville	43
Capt. Bowering, Glace Bay, C. B	42
Sergt. McDonald, Glace Bay, C. B	41
Sister S. Lebunes, Fredericton	41
Lieut. Grey, Houlton Me	40
Capt. Thompson, Halifax II	37
Sister M. Beston, St. John I	32
Bro. Urquhart, Spring Hill	31
Bro. Read, St. John I	30
Capt. Clark, St. John III. (av. 2 wks)	30
Cadet Armstrong, Fredericton	29
Mrs. Pitts, Spring Hill	28
Cadet Pemberton, St. John I	27
Sergt. Hayman, Halifax II	25
Treas. Cushin, Halifax I	24
Sister L. Pollock, Fredericton	22
Mrs. Gregory, Fredericton	21
Capt. Lemont, Fredericton	20
Sergt. J. Stuart, Moncton	20
Lieut. Smith, Moncton	20
Sergt.-Major McCrae, Woodstock	20

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

39 Hustlers.

Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock, Ont	225
Ensign Collett, Brantford	183
Cadet A. Couch, Stratford	125
Capt. Huntington, Strathroy	90
Capt. Hillman, London (av. 3 wks)	89
Sergt. Mrs. Rock, Chatham	82
Sergt. McDougal, Goderich	75
Sister Neught, Goderich	75
Ensign Scott, Galt	75
Lieut. Hockin, Brantford	73
Sister S. Thompson, Sarnia	72
Ensign Ottaway, Guelph	70
Adjt. Coombs, London	70
Capt. Gibson, Sarnia	62
Capt. Mathers, Guelph	59
Sister G. Yeoman, Chatham	55
Sister M. Schuster, Berlin	52
Mrs. Ensign McHarg, Windsor	50
Lieut. J. Bonny, Bothwell	50
Bro. Martin, St. Thomas	45
Sister Goolding, Stratford	45
Sergt.-Major Scott, Guelph	40
Sister M. Futchtey, Listowel	40
Lieut. Copeman, Clinton	40
Capt. Fell, Palmerston	40
Lieut. Munford, Palmerston	40
Capt. F. Burton, Windsor	38
Mabel Lloyd, Windsor	35
Capt. Patterson, Galt	35
Sister A. Hampton, St. Thomas	31
Bro. Baird, Listowel	30
Lillie Forbister, Windsor	30
Mrs. Ensign F. McKenzie, Berlin	30
Sister H. Erb, Berlin	30
Sister D. Bond, Wingham	30
Lieut. Burrows, Paris	28
Mrs. McQuin, Blenheim (av. 2 wks)	27
Ensign Raynor, Paris	26
Sergt. Graham, Thamesville	25
Sergt.-Major Cook, Clinton	23

NORTHWEST PROVINCE.

11 Hustlers.

Cadet Russell, Winnipeg	137
Cadet Hangen, Winnipeg	80
Cand. M. Hoeffner, Valley City	67
Mrs. Adjt. Gale, Rat Portage	60
Lieut. B. Bunson, Medicine Hat	45
Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg	42
Capt. Baxter, Winnipeg	40
Lieut. Clark, Minot (av. 2 wks)	38
Sergt. S. Chapman, Winnipeg	32
Sergt. Johanson, Winnipeg	31
Sarah Craswell, Valley City	29

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

2 Hustlers.

Mrs. Capt. Brown, New Whateom	56
Treas. Bury, New Whateom	30

(For Newfoundland Hustlers see page 14.)

KOOL, IS IT?

Then now is the time to think of your

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THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by Jno. M. C. Horn, S. A. Printing House, 12 Albert St., Toronto.

PASSION FOR SOULS.

Tune.—Room for Jesus (B.J. 16); Hail, once-despised Jesus (B.J. 125).

1 Blessed Jesus, I am longing
For a tender heart like Thine,
For a heart that feels for sinners,
For a loving heart I pine.

Chorus.

Give me, now, a burning passion,
Yes, a passion, Lord, for souls;
May I always feel their burden,
Never let my love grow cold.

Poor lost souls are dying daily,
With no hope beyond the grave;
With a yearning heart of pity,
Help me go these souls to save.

Make me, Lord, still more in earnest,
I must never duty shirk,
And if others take it easy,
I'll go on to pray and work.

Keep me, Lord, from getting lukewarm—
Oh, that sad and awful state!
Help me fight each passing moment,
For my blessed Saviour's sake.

Chorus for tune "Still it flows."
Love for souls, love for souls,
Love for souls, love for souls,
Fill my heart to overflowing
With a burning love for souls.

W. North.

WE'LL FIGHT.

Tune.—Bright crowns (B.J. 59.)

2 Dear Jesus, by Thy precious Blood,
Our sins are washed away,
And forward in the strength of God,
We march on day by day.

Chorus.

We'll fight, we'll fight, etc.

Beneath our banner, Blood-and-Fire,
We'll fight and not give in;
But of Thy woodrous love we'll tell,
And precious souls we'll win.

We'll sing of Jesus' dying love
To sinners everywhere,
And tell them of the home above,
That they its joys may share.

Sergt. May Lang, Peterboro.

PLEADING FOR THEE.

Tune.—Oh say, will you take up your Cross? (B.J. 171).

3 Hark! hear the voice of your Saviour,
He is calling, poor sinner, for thee:
Oh, come, while He is waiting to give you
Salvation—full, present, and free.

Chorus.

He is pleading, poor sinner, for thee,
He is pleading, poor sinner, for thee,
In tenderness Jesus is waiting,
And pending, poor sinner, for thee.

You have oft heard the voice of your Saviour,
He has called for you often before;
Oh, listen, and speak to the Saviour,
Let Him in while He waits at the door.

Soon Jesus will cease His calling,
His spirit will be taken away;
How sad it will be if the Saviour
Is deaf to your cry when you pray.

Wm. McLauchlin, Paris.

A SEEKER'S PRAYER.

Tune.—Abide with me.

4 Forever, gracious Lord, let me abide
In the bright sunshine of Thy loving care,
Keep me, ah, keep me constant by Thy side,
I shall be safe from sin and danger there.

Too long I've lived a life of sin and shame;
Too long forgot the welfare of my soul;
I come to Thee, for Jesus is Thy name,
O Saviour, speak the word and make me whole.

I pray Thee, in Thy tender love, to spare
A sinner, who, repenting, turns to Thee;
For Thou, O Lord, didst condescend to bear
My sins in Thine own body on the tree.

Oh, hear my prayer, and give me now Thy grace;
Without it I must often go astray,
And grant, hereafter, I may see Thy face,
And praise Thee in the realms of endless day.

H. R.

SONG FOR SUNDAY.

Tune.—Bright Crowns.

5 O Lord, to Thee we come just now,
Our Sabbath Thou hast blessed;
Salvation days have brightly come,
Lord, let this be the best.

Chorus.

Save souls! Save souls!
Save souls! Save souls!
Save souls and keep them true,
For souls we pray,
Lord, let this day
Be the best we ever knew.

We pray that sinners now may feel
Thy mighty quickening power,
And by Thy grace help them to seek
Thy face this very hour.

Lord, help the poor backslider now
To turn again to Thee;
Cause him in penitence to bow
And be once more set free.

Lord, bless our meeting here to-night,
While Calvary's current rolls;
And as we fight for truth and right,
O Lord, save many souls.

Adjt. Byers.

FAREWELL SONG.

Tune.—The Bible my mother gave to me.

6 Friends and comrades, now to you I must say a fond adieu,
Keep on fighting 'neath the banner Blood-and-Fire,
And when tried and tempted sore, trust in Jesus more and more,
Every trial makes you stronger than before.
Fight the fight as valiant soldiers, with the armor girded on,
Bringing slaves of sin to Christ who'll set them free,
And when ended is our warfare, and the victory is won,
We shall meet them on the resurrection morn.

Chorus.

Meet me in the morning, when the roll is called,
And the troops are gathered home,
Then we'll sing around the Throne, where farewells are never known,
Giving honor to the Lamb for sinners slain.

Farewell, sinner and backslider, who I oft have warned before,
From the road to destruction now flee,
Seek the Cross, the only shelter from the dangers that surround,
Safety only in the Lamb of Calvary.
Thro' Jesus' blood there's boundless blessing, in His wounds there is a balm,
For the bleeding heart by sin and sorrow torn,
Come and prove it while you hear Him knocking at the door,
And we'll meet them on the resurrection morn.

Capt. Sim, McDonald.

THE SIXTEENTH Anniversary Meetings

WILL BE HELD IN

TORONTO

FROM

Sunday, Oct. 23rd, to Thursday, Oct. 27th,

INCLUSIVE.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

IN COMMAND,

ASSISTED BY

The Chief Secretary, Colonel Jacobs,

BRIGADIERS MARGETTS, COMPLIN, SHARP, GASKIN, BENNETT, HOWELL, PUGMIRE, FRIEDRICH; MAJORS McMILLAN, SOUTHALL, HORN and SMEETON, and numerous other Staff Officers, as well as all Ontario and Quebec Field Officers.

Special Reductions for Return Tickets have been arranged with the Railroad Companies.

ONLY ONE CHRIST.

Tune—There's Only One Girl in the World for Me.

7 There is a Saviour who has died,
a pardon to bestow;
'Tis Christ, the Saviour of mankind, sinners, you may know.
"He who was rich, yet, for our sake,
came low to poverty,"
That we in poverty might have His riches full and free.

Chorus.

There's only one way you may be set free,
Only one Christ died upon Calvary.
Oh, come to Christ, your Saviour,
He waits to set you free;
O, come, poor sinner, Jesus still loves thee.

The prophet spoke of One who would our griefs and sorrows bear,
"He was oppressed," and as a lamb,
His suffering did share;
His face was marred, the crown of thorns was placed upon His brow,
And in His suffering did cry, "Father forgive them now."

"All we, like sheep, have gone astray,
have turned to our own way";
The path of sin and selfishness,
brought misery and pain;
Yet Christ has suffered in our stead,
and bought us by His blood,
And we will live, and, by His Grace,
endeavor to be good.

—Verses by Capt. J. E. Harris; chorus by Lieut. G. Hyland.

THERE'S A FLOWER-COVERED GRAVE.

Tune.—The banks of the Wabash.

8 There's a flower-covered grave in yonder churchyard,
And its memory is so very dear to me,
For it is the grave of my dear sainted mother,
Who in childhood taught me, kneeling at her knee:
She has gone, and in the grave they softly laid her,
But her teachings linger pleasantly with me:
And I hope and pray some day in Heaven I'll meet her,
Where together we shall spend eternity.

Chorus.

I am thinking day and night about my Saviour,
And in Heaven above I know His face I'll see;
I am living 'neath His blessed smile and favor,
Dear Jesus, He is so good to me!

Ah, those dear old happy days of early childhood!
Now they seem more like a pleasant dream to me:
When at home or working through the shady wildwood
With my mother life it seemed so sweet to me:
But I wandered from the path where she had led me,
And a sinner, oh, so vile, I came to be!
But, thank God! I heard the dear old Army singing
Of a Saviour who died upon the tree.

'Twas while sitting in the dear old Army meeting
That the Saviour spoke so lovingly to me;
There He showed me that my life was swiftly fleeting,
And among the dead I numbered soon should be.
Then I cried aloud for mercy, and He heard me,
Broke the chains of sin and set my poor soul free;
Now I know if to the end I am but faithful,
My dear mother and my Saviour I shall see.

Staff-Capt. Ludgate.